

HOW TO DECORATE A CHURCH FOR EASTER

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER'S NEW STORY

April, 1908

EASTER NUMBER

SIXPENCE

THE QUIVER



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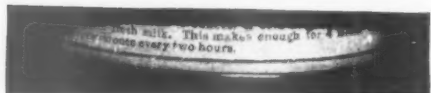


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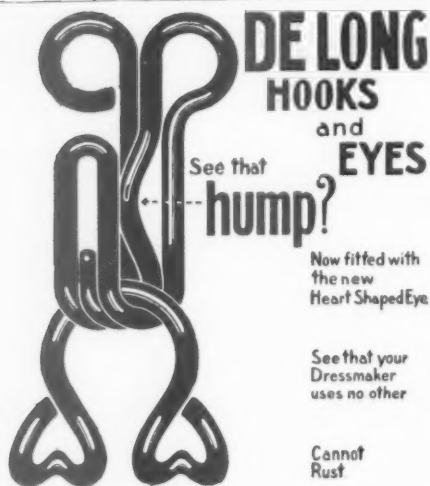
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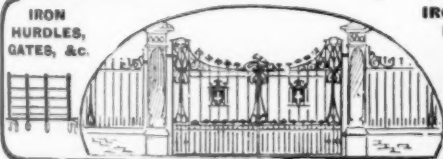


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The Quiver, April, 1908.

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makes might.**

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Carpet Weaving from Memory in Persia.

MISS SETON ADAMSON, who is doing good Christianising work in Persia, sends home an account of a visit she recently paid to a village carpet-weaving factory. One day, she says, we went to a place among the mountains where a tribe of Illiots were settled. These people are Afsharis, a wandering tribe who live in tents made of woven camels' and goats' hair. They gain their livelihood by weaving carpets.

Three women will work on one of the carpets. The loom is spread across the floor of the tent; the strands of cotton and wool upon which they are to weave are stretched from end to end of the loom. The women sit at one end, and with their wools of various colours (all of which are spun and dyed by themselves) hanging from above, in a marvellously quick way weave the pattern from memory only. A large carpet takes about forty to fifty days to complete. Their implements are hand-made and extremely

simple; they consist of a goat's horn, a pair of scissors, a knife, and what looks like a large fork with a long wooden handle. As the carpet is woven the workers move gradually along, covering up what is completed until the other end is reached, and then the carpet is ready for sale. We saw many patterns, all the colours of which harmonised well.

These Afshari tents have no comforts, and the animals walk in and out at their sweet will. Yet what happy, bright faces the people have! These wandering tribes spend a much more healthy life than those who weave the carpets in town.

It is very difficult to get the Gospel to these wandering tribes, as they very rarely come to town; and our mission-stations are already so undermanned that there is no one to spare to go to teach them. If the people in England could only realise their responsibility!

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FAT

STUDY THIS

PICTURE—IT

SHOWS HOW

YOU MAY BE

CURED

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Face back of Plate.]





"NO SUN UPON AN EASTER DAY
IS HALF SO FINE A SIGHT!"

Decorating a Church for Easter.

IS there any Church festival so happy, so gracious, so hope-inspiring as that of Easter? It comes when all Nature is waking again in glad surprise to the call of the sun, and the wonderful resurrection of the lovely things which the kind earth has kept during the long winter is a fit and beautiful symbol of all that Easter means to Christendom.

It is natural and seemly that we should give expression to the double gladness of our hearts by bringing some of the spring sweetness into our churches for Easter morning.

How should one set to work who is only a novice in the art of Church decoration?

First, rely mainly on yourself. It is a mistake to ask a crowd of people to come to your rescue. Happy will you be if you can secure the help of three or four friends who are both artistic and neat-fingered! In any case, plan your work as if you might have to do it all yourself.

Next, study your background and decide just where to decorate. Even should you have a profusion of flowers and foliage at your

disposal, do not be tempted to overdo things, and so create a "smothered" effect.

With regard to colours, let us suppose that you have decided on yellow and white. If you have offers of flowers from various people, ask them to send only those which you think of using. There are many lovely spring flowers which are not at all suitable for Easter decoration, but they are often sent in for that purpose by kind and indiscriminating friends.

If you have to lay out all the money yourself, it is a good plan to spend some of it in hiring foliage plants, and so reserve the cut flowers for the daintier part of the decorations.

Go to a good local nurseryman and take him into your confidence with regard to your scheme of decoration and colours. Choose large and small feathery palms, marguerites, spireas, and genistas, and arrange to have everything sent to the church in good time on Saturday morning, say by eleven o'clock.

As to flowers, go to a shop where there is a large trade in market bunches. Choose Madonna lilies, white tulips

with the natural leaves, white gladiolus, if it is to be had, and for the font (if you can afford it) lilies of the valley; also any shades of yellow daffodils. The pheasant-eye narcissus is to be avoided, as, in the best conditions in a church, it fades almost at once. Do not have jonquils, either, if you can help it, as they only last fairly well, even in water. Trails of smilax, sprengeri, and asparagus fern will be indispensable. Maidenhair is useless, unless in pots. You can

self, and as you are giving a fairly large order for other flowers, the expense will not be very great. Provide also several bundles of natural moss, for concealing pots and filling flower-troughs.

Get together all the little accessories for your work before Saturday—bass, string, scissors, and small tin flower-troughs, if they are likely to be wanted. Also see that all your assistants are well equipped.

On Saturday morning go to the florist's



(Photo supplied by Wills and Sons, florists, South Kensington.)

BEAUTIFUL EFFECT PRODUCED BY PALMS AND FLOWERS.

make a lovely decoration for the foot of the font with pots of white heath and maidenhair fern, but it will be extravagant, as you will have to buy them outright, and they are not likely to be of any use after.

To be quite sure of getting all the cut flowers you want, it is advisable to go to the shop a day or two beforehand and ask the florist to reserve you a certain quantity, with smilax, etc. Also order a white cross, suitable for the front of the pulpit. This will be better than getting flowers and doing it your-

self, and as you are giving a fairly large order for other flowers, the expense will not be very great. Provide also several bundles of natural moss, for concealing pots and filling flower-troughs.

Get together all the little accessories for your work before Saturday—bass, string, scissors, and small tin flower-troughs, if they are likely to be wanted. Also see that all your assistants are well equipped.

On Saturday morning go to the florist's

of all the bunches and stand them in it along with the loose flowers; and float the smilax in shallow vessels of water, but not the asparagus fern.

By this time the men from the nursery will be arriving. They will be quite ready, for a small fee, to arrange all the large palms just where you wish them to remain, and will stand the smaller palms and flowering plants ready to your hand in different parts of the church. These men are generally clever at grouping, and may be able to give you some valuable suggestions. You will thus find that the heaviest part of the work is practically done for you.

The observance of these apparently unimportant details will make an immense difference in the ease with which you carry out your work. You will be able to concentrate all your freshness and energy on the more delicate portions of the decorations, which will fall to your share as principal artist.

Now as to style.

The stiff, conventional arrangement of flowers in many churches leaves much to be desired. Hard rows of bloom or leaves severely and cruelly sewn in strips to outline pulpit or choir-stalls are hideously crude and inartistic. Do not distort the lovely things by twisting or nailing them into grotesque and unnatural attitudes. Far better leave unadorned the proper lines of architecture.

In decorating churches with flowers, a certain broad dignity and simplicity should be observed, but let the grace and beauty of the blossoms also be apparent. Handle them with loving un-

derstanding. In short, employ the art which conceals art, and your Easter decorations will be a picture of loveliness.

It is impossible to give detailed advice with regard to the scheme of decoration, as churches vary so much in style; but you will be fairly safe if you exercise restraint and aim at broad grouping



(Photo: Mrs. Blackett-Gird.)

THE FONT AT ST. MATTHIAS'S,
EARL'S COURT.

and dainty outlines. Remember that to cover up a thing entirely is not to decorate, and also that heavy masses of bloom can only be handled by very experienced floral artists.

It may be that someone has sent you a basket of primroses. These will not at all clash with your other flowers; they will make a lovely border for the lower edge of the pulpit, if you arrange them in natural, irregular groups in troughs of moss. Lightly outline the upper edge of the pulpit with trails of smilax or sprengeri, or both, allowing some to drop in straight lines almost down to the primroses. Add dainty groups of white and yellow flowers to the top edging. (It is not advisable to dot flowers about singly, in any part of the decorations; they will have a splashy effect, and will scarcely be distinguishable at a little distance.) Attach the white cross to the front panel of the pulpit, just tilting it slightly forward at the top.

The choir stalls will look well with bold groups of feathery palms, spireas, marguerites, and genistas placed at the ends of the seats, facing down the church; but be careful to make the screen of greenery a very light one, as the choristers must not be hidden. Along the front of the stalls and reading-desk, arrange on the floor some of the flowering plants, yellow and white, with small palms for a background. If the book-rests are fairly high you might have trails of smilax and sprengeri with flowers at intervals, in a similar style to the pulpit. In arranging anything close to or on the edges of book-rests, be careful to make it very secure, so that it cannot be easily disturbed.

With regard to the lectern. If it be a brass one with an eagle support to the book-rest, keep the decoration as much as possible round the foot, grouping the flowering plants and twisting one or two green trails upwards

towards the ball. *Don't festoon the eagle.* If the lectern is carved in wood, you may like to treat it differently and more in accordance with the choir-stalls.

It is often the custom to fill the font with flowering plants and bank it round at the foot to reach as high as possible, so that it looks like a huge vase made of flowers, but this treatment seems to destroy its character. It may be a beautiful pile of bloom, but does it look like a font? Try another plan. Of course, you will use only white flowers for this. Place round the foot feathery palms, spireas, and marguerites (unless you have decided on white heaths and maidenhair). Let the font be filled with water, and arrange a little bed of moss on the rim for the lilies of the valley, or, better still, narrow troughs to hold the moss and flowers. Finish with plenty of asparagus trails hanging in irregular lengths from under the moss.

There is an additional idea which may be mentioned here, although it is scarcely likely that it could be carried out in many churches, unless the font have a cover which is raised by weights and chains. In this case a dove of white flowers could be suspended, with outspread wings, just below the cover, about three feet or so above the font. It would give a lovely finishing touch to the whole.

The flowers for the altar or communion table will be Madonna lilies, white tulips with their leaves, and white gladioli. When choosing all these, get them as long in the stalks as possible. Arrange them with particular care, not allowing the flowers to sink together into the necks of the vases. Spread them slightly into a fan shape and bring the front flowers out towards you a little. Add sprays of asparagus fern amongst the flowers and in trails from the tops of the vases. Above all, avoid the least suggestion of stiffness.

The altar-rails are best left unadorned, as it is almost



DECORATING THE FONT.

impossible to arrange flowers there for Easter Day without their being crushed and spoiled. You might, however, place effective groups of palms and white flowering plants at the extreme ends of the rails, right and left. They will be quite out of the way, so choose the tallest palms and plants, and make two bold groups.

As the interiors of Nonconformist churches are quite different from those of the Established Church, the scheme of decoration must be modified accordingly. But the same ideals can be aimed at. Think out a definite and harmonious arrangement of colour and grouping, and employ your own artistic sense of fitness.

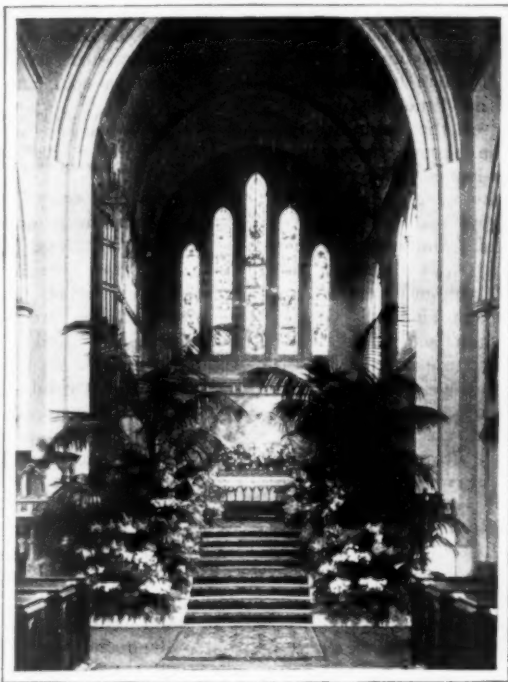
Whatever church you have promised to decorate, do not forget that, for a beginner, dignity and simplicity are very safe rules to follow. They will at least ensure an effect which will be both beautiful and restful to the eye.

Little things to remember :

In fixing groups of cut flowers use string or, if possible, bass, instead of wire, which is apt to cut through the stalks; and tie only firmly enough to

secure the bunches without the chance of their slipping.

Arrange all your decorations so as to leave the flowers till the very last.



(Photo supplied by Wells and Segar, Florists, South Kensington.)

SCHEME OF DECORATION FOR ALTAR STEPS.

If you can manage to do so, go to the church before the morning service on Sunday to see that all is in order. Look to the flowering plants and water them if necessary; also fill up the vases and troughs. Spireas and heaths are very thirsty plants, and will drink as much water as you can give them.

It is even more important to make a tour of inspection before the evening service, as many of the cut flowers which are not in water will be looking limp and faded. Gently remove any that are dead, without

disturbing the general arrangement.

A last homely suggestion with regard to flowers which may be intended afterwards for any sick members of the congregation. Let them be conveyed to them after the evening service, instead of waiting until the next day. The flowers will be much fresher, and the gifts will have a far greater charm and graciousness if they are bestowed on Easter Day.



Stories Illustrating Popular Hymns.

IV.—A SUPREME TEST—"WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS."

By A. B. COOPER.

THE old church of Rively was beautiful without and within. It was Easter Sunday, and April, but the sun was shining with a brightness and a warmth which he sometimes fails to exhibit, even in June. A thrush, anticipating the efforts of the choir within, was shouting his hallelujahs from the topmost twig of a great, tender-leaved lime, while a skylark in that "privacy of glorious light" which is his, was singing at heaven's gate.

The vicar overtook Mrs. Lamplough and her son and daughter, George and Mabel, in the avenue leading to the old lych-gate, and walked leisurely with them to the church door. George did most of the talking, while his mother listened indulgently, and Mabel and the vicar seemed a little absent-minded.

"It's a pity to have any responsibility on a morning like this," said George, presently. "Neither you nor Mabel, vicar, can enjoy the sunshine and the feel of spring in the air, because you both have something on your mind: one has to preach a sermon, and the other to sing a solo."

"Yes, we would both run away, if we dared," said the vicar, smiling. "The sense of responsibility is something appalling."

Mabel looked at him in surprise. "Do you really feel like that, Mr. Garland?" she asked. "I thought it all came easy to you—that it was only I who felt like that. I would often give anything to avoid doing the things I know I ought to do."

"There's a jolly old thrush up in the tree-top preaching his sermon without a qualm—and with very few notes—and the lark in the blue is singing just because he feels like it," said George. "Why can't we do things in that light-hearted style?"

George had a philosophical turn of mind. His apparently light questions generally led somewhere, and the vicar, knowing it, answered him seriously.

"For the same reason," he said, "that Christ died for men, and not for birds. It is the sense of responsibility which makes life so serious. Mabel could sing to her piano at home as easily and carelessly as the lark; but when she feels, as I know she does, that her song is a message from God, the heart-strain—the sense of entering into the lives of others—is poignant. You remember, George, the last verse of Tennyson's wonderful lyric, 'The splendour falls.'

He heard the bugle echoes at Killarney, just as we hear the song of the birds this morning but as he listened the deeper meanings of life surged into his soul, and he exclaims:

"O Love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill and field and river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever."

"I love that song," said Mrs. Lamplough. "Mabel shall sing it for you some day. It goes to the heart of things."

"I think you give me credit for more than I feel," said Mabel, smiling. "I think self-consciousness has probably more to do with my nervousness than anything else. I often wonder if I could face a real ordeal."

"He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem," said the vicar. "I don't often announce my text on the way to church, but that's the text for this morning's sermon. The Resurrection is in that resolve, as well as the Cross."

"I am answered," said George, smiling, as he and his mother parted with the vicar and Mabel—who was in the choir—at the little chancel door. "If you preach as good a sermon in the pulpit we shall all be edified."

It was a notable Easter morning for many in that village church. Mabel Lamplough had never sung a solo before, and it was a great surprise to everybody, except the few who were in the secret, when she stood up alone. The severity of the ordeal for Mabel was shown by the alternate flushing and paling of her cheeks—her mother's lips moved in prayer for her.

Then, as the organ died into silence, out of the silence came a note so deep and rich and sweet that the rustics gasped in sheer amazement, and then settled down to listen. They knew that Miss Lamplough could sing, for she sang alto in the choir; but they did not know that critics who knew what they were saying had pronounced her voice one in a million.

In the painted window of the chancel behind Mabel, in a setting of azure and gold, was the "Ecce Homo" of Guido—the Man of Sorrows, thorn-crowned, bowing His head beneath the stroke of God—bearing the sins of the world, "the just for the unjust." And what else could Mabel sing as the sanguine light from the blood-drops touched her with a mystic glory, but that immortal and supreme hymn, which, through all the changes and chances of life's



"Out of the silence came a note so deep and rich and sweet that the rustics gasped in sheer amazement."

surface, goes down, down, through the hard rocks of selfishness and the stiff clay of pride to the deep artesian well of tears?

"When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

It was a beautiful setting of the hymn that Mabel sang, now low and mournful:—

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down."

Now rising to ecstatic praise through which the organ pealed the deeper note of self-renunciation. And not less did mingled humility and rapt vision shine in the face of the singer as she finished with a note that seemed more than half a sob:—

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

The inspiration of this great song seemed to pervade the church, and never had Mr. Garland had a more reverently attentive audience than on that Easter morning, and never had he had greater freedom of spirit and of speech.

"We are often tempted to take the easy way—the primrose path instead of the *via crucis*—but it is only by losing our life that we can save it," said the preacher. "There must be steadfastness in our Christian life—a determination not to be turned aside from the things that are paramount even at the call of earthly love, the strongest bond of human life—for 'He who loveth father or mother more than Me,' said the Master, 'is not worthy of Me.' This is a hard saying, but this whole-hearted devotion is its best reward. The world will never be saved by meeting it half way. 'What community hath light with darkness?'"

"But the way of the Cross is the way to the crown. He was despised, rejected—and lo! God hath greatly exalted Him and given Him a name above every name. We cannot play fast and loose with divine things. They must be everything to us, or nothing. The kingdoms of the world are dearly bought at the price of a lost communion. But if we are obedient to the heavenly vision, if we are steadfast in our hearts, we shall find that the things we dreaded are transformed into golden keys that open the gates of life, and that the price we shrunk from paying has already been paid in full by our Divine Master. Yea, 'If we be dead with Him, shall not we also live with Him?'"

II.

THE sun was shining just as brightly next morning when Mabel stepped out into the front garden where the crocuses were spangling

the lawn with white and gold. She expected her usual Monday morning's letter from Frank Haverland. Oh, how proud she was of him of his brilliant career at the 'Varsity, where he had carried all before him, of his equally brilliant course at Leyden, where he had gone to study medicine with a view to becoming a specialist! And now he was practising in the West End of London, making a name there early for himself and—yes, ah, yes—a home for the girl he loved.

It seemed all too good to be true, this beautiful morning. Yet it was true—gloriously true. Of all the girls whom, in her humility, she imagined he might have had his choice—for was he not handsome and accomplished?—he had chosen her. She would have a letter from him shortly, telling her for the hundredth time of his great love for her. Her heart beat at the thought. Not even George, much as he loved her, and much as she loved him, and whom she could hear now up in the bath-room trollying forth something about "down in the deep" over his toilet—no, not even George could enter into this communion of heart with heart.

The latch of the gate clicked, and the old postman, who knew as well as Mabel herself the character of the letter he brought every Monday morning, came stumping with his stout ash stick up the gravel path.

"Good-mornin', miss," he said, as she running to meet him, took the letter from his hand. "Yo' did my heart good yesterday mornin', yo' did, indeed."

"I'm glad, Thomas," said Mabel. "I looked once at your dear old face, and it helped me."

"Ah, my dear, it's good of yo' to say so. But yo' turned my old eyes within:—"

"All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood."

Things dunnot charm me as much as they used, p'raps, but I couldn't help wondering if I'd be willing, even in my old age, to sacrifice anything He might, in His all-seein' Providence, require of me. 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord.' St. Paul had got there, miss, but I doubt I havena'."

"He had, indeed, Thomas; but we're not all St. Pauls."

"No, miss," said Thomas, turning to resume his itinerary, "but it's the same Jesus Christ for us all—that sets us level. His grace is sufficient—sufficient."

Mabel put George's and her mother's letters on the hall table and came out again on to the verandah which ran along the front of the house, and, unfolding a deck chair which

stood against the wall, settled comfortably n it to read her own.

The first few paragraphs were in Frank's usual vein, and gave no indication of the tragedy to follow.

"Lately," wrote Frank Haverland, "I have been dipping, for recreation primarily, into Schopenhauer, Strauss, Haeckel, and Renan—pessimists all, but wonderful reasoners, Mabel. I do not think my Christian faith was ever the healthy plant yours is, and I fear my residence on the Continent did nothing to strengthen it; but I must confess that this course of reading has left me no alternative as an honest man but to call myself an agnostic.

"I must further confess that I feel a good deal like a man whose vessel has gone down under him and left him clinging to a spar in the midst of the ocean. But what could I do? Great waves of logic carried away one after another all my cherished articles of faith until, as I have already said, not one of them is left.

"Am I happy? Well, now, is a man happy when he is clinging to a spar in mid-ocean? No, I must say I would give up all I hold most dear—except you, my darling—if by so doing I could keep the faith in which my mother lived and died. Sometimes the conviction of my intellectual inability to meet these men's arguments has been worse than physical pain. But a man cannot believe a thing because he wishes to. It is the tragedy of human intelligence.

"I fear this will come as a shock to you, and I hate to give you even a moment's pain. But I feel I ought to tell you the position I have been driven into, with respect to matters which are vital to you. You know how I love you. Nothing can ever make any difference to that. And when we are married you will just go your own faithful, trustful way, happy in One whom I still regard as the Ideal Man, but whose death I can no longer regard as a sacrifice for sin, and whose resurrection I look upon as a beautiful myth."

"Hullo! Mabel—tears! Not bad news from old Frank, surely?"

Mabel started as from a painful dream to find George standing over her. Then she hastily wiped away the tears which certainly were there, and tried to smile. But the effort was a sad failure, and again, at the sight of her brother's sympathetic face, tears rushed to her eyes, and her lips trembled piteously.

"You are generally so chirpy on a Monday morning, Mabel. Tell me, little girl," and he laid his hand on her fair hair.

Her heart was too full to speak, but she handed her brother the letter, putting her

finger on the place where he should begin to read. There were no secrets between these two, and, though George had never made any demonstration of a vital interest in religious things, yet she knew that he would understand, in some degree at least, what the letter meant to her.

George read through the portion indicated without comment. Then he looked down on his sister, who had watched every expression of his mobile face with tense interest. "Poor Frank," he said. "It has cost him something to write that. He's a good sort, Mabel. You mustn't be hard on him."

"Hard!" cried Mabel, rising from her seat and looking away across the bright landscape with eyes that saw nothing of its brightness. "I shall pray for him night and day, George. But, but—George—do you think—I ought—to marry him?"

Her brother stood back in amazement. "Marry him?" he asked almost angrily.

"You love him, don't you?"

"Oh, George—you know."

"This makes no difference to the man himself. He is, as he always has been, an honest man—true to his convictions—and he'll make you a good husband. Pray for him, by all means, Mabel. But think twenty times before you give him up for a thing he can't help."

"Do you think good can ever come out of disobedience, George?"

"Disobedience? Where does the disobedience come in?"

"The Bible says plainly 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers . . . what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?'"

"Why, Mabel," said George, real distress showing in every line of his face, "you surely don't call Frank by that hateful name?"

"He—says—he is—an agnostic," said Mabel, commanding her voice with difficulty.

"And I've known some jolly sound fellows who were agnostics," said George. "And Frank Haverland's one of them. He's worth a million of the milk-and-water type of Christian, who gabble a creed without half knowing what it means. Their belief is simply a matter of habit."

"Don't, George. If my standard is not Christ's standard, I am only a Christian in name, not in heart and life."

"Mabel—if your love doesn't plead for him—"

"George!" cried Mabel in poignant distress. "If I were to follow my heart, I should rush indoors this moment and write and tell Frank that nothing could ever part us. But you

know what Mr. Garland said yesterday, George, 'He that loveth father or mother.' "

"Mother's here," said George in a low voice, as Mrs. Lamplough came out on the verandah. Her health had been very indifferent of late, but nothing except absolute inability to rise would keep her from sitting down to eight o'clock breakfast with George and Mabel, and conducting family prayer afterwards, before George went on his bicycle to the neighbouring cathedral town of Mincaster, where for a year he had been junior partner in a firm of solicitors.

"Not a word to her, George—yet," whispered Mabel. Then she went forward to greet her mother. The expression of the elder woman's face was in itself a benediction.

Only the vicar and one or two of her closest friends knew the deep waters that she had been through. Trouble is the touchstone of Christianity. If it embitters and hardens, the spirit of Christ is not there, but if it sweetens and softens the character, it is a sure proof of the indwelling Christ who said, in full view of Gethsemane: "My peace I give unto you."

Mabel tried to be her own natural happy self during breakfast, but when she knelt with her face buried in the cushions of the couch and heard her mother's gentle voice praying, her heart seemed ready to burst.

Who can explain the appropriateness of audible prayer—if it is heartfelt—to the individual need of every earnest participant? To Mabel it seemed as though her mother must know her most secret thoughts. Yet she did not; it was but the clairvoyance of love.

"Give us, O Lord," she prayed, "the vision of Thy supreme sacrifice, that we may be drawn to follow Thee, even though afar off, on the path of self-renouncing love. It was not for a little that the Lord of Glory died, and we pray that, even though we may not realise all our own need, and much less the need of the world, yet we may, by uttermost obedience, unwavering trust, and simple unquestioning faith, enter into fellowship with Thee, and that we may count this fellowship above all the treasure of earth—its ambition—its fame—its riches—yea, even its human love. Thou wilt not leave us comfortless. Nigh unto Calvary was the garden of resurrection, and if we walk the hard, thorny path of duty, if we nail even our affections to the Cross, wilt Thou not give us the large recompense of peace?"

A luminous haze seemed to grow out of the darkness, as Mabel pressed her hands over her burning eyelids, and in the haze she seemed to see again, as on Easter Sunday morning, when she stood up to sing, the Ecce Homo, with the sunlight smiting gold and azure and amethystine

glory out of the thorn crown and the blood-drops of the Lamb of God. And then it seemed to fade, and the thought of Jesus, with the pierced hands and side, coming, the doors being shut, and standing in the midst saying: "Peace be unto you," came in its place. As she rose from her knees she knew what she would do.

III.

IT was Good Friday morning a year later. Dr. Frank Haverland had just finished breakfast, and in his dressing-gown and slippers was sitting in a lounge chair by a window which looked across the gardens of one of the finest squares in the West End of London. The table, although he had breakfasted alone, was simply but exquisitely furnished, and there was a profusion of spring flowers disposed about the room. The pictures on the walls, the silver on the table, the ornaments on the high oaken overmantel, the Sheraton furniture, the velvet pile of the carpet, all betokened a fine taste, and a purse which could afford to gratify it. Frank Haverland was already a power in medical circles and his opinion commanded princely fees.

Yet amid all these signs of luxury he sat with an air of dejection, his long, capable fingers pressed against his white brow. He reached forward presently, and opened the drawer of an escritoire that stood in the window recess. From this he took a little book bound in lamb-skin. It was a pocket edition of the "Imitation of Christ," which Mabel had given him on a Good Friday he spent with her at Rively two years ago, a month after their engagement. The book opened of itself at a place in which a folded letter lay, and a passage on the right-hand page was marked with a cross by Mabel's own hand. Frank Haverland had read the passage just before retiring the night before, and it had haunted him while he lay awake, and had seemed to visit him even in his dreams. He read it again now.

"In the Cross is life, in the Cross is health, in the Cross protection from every enemy; from the Cross are derived heavenly meekness, true fortitude, the joys of the Spirit, the conquest of self, the perfection of holiness. There is no redemption, no foundation for the hope of the Divine life, but in the Cross. Take up the Cross therefore, and follow Jesus, in the path that leads to everlasting peace. He hath gone before, bearing that Cross on which He died for thee; that thou mightest follow, patiently bearing thy own Cross, and upon that dost thyself for Him; and if we die with Him, we

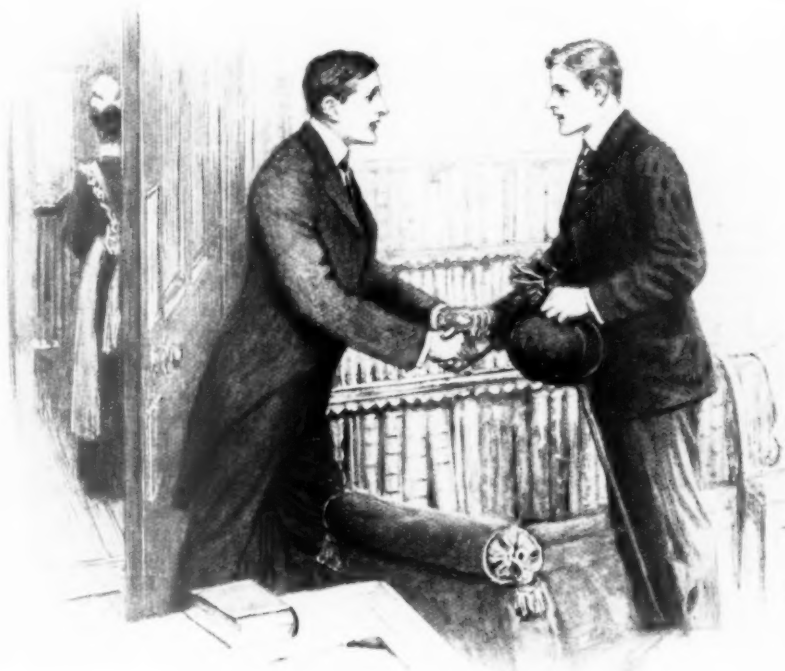
shall also live with Him : If we are partakers of His sufferings, we shall be partakers also of His glory."

He sighed deeply as he took out the folded letter and closed the book again ; then he re-read the letter he had received from Mabel almost exactly a year ago.

"Oh, my love," she wrote, "how can I be disobedient to the heavenly vision ? Only yesterday I sang in church, when we were all

the pathos and soul of the music into the words, would believe that I meant them from the depths of my heart. You know, Frank, how sub-conscious thoughts surge through the mind, even in the midst of the most trying ordeals—and it was an ordeal to me—and I prayed, even as I sang, that I might have grace to mean what I said, even if it led me to the grave of all I hold dearest on earth.

"Little did I think then that the time was



"'It's Mabel I've come about'"—p. 463.

thinking of Him, who not only died, but rose again for our redemption :—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

And when I sang those awfully solemn words—

"All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood,"

I trembled to think that perhaps I was singing empty words in God's House, and in the ears of men and women who, hearing me put all

so near when my sincerity should be put to the extremest test that can come to a woman—the test of her heart's deepest affections. But your letter has furnished that test. I knew it, I felt it, the moment my eyes scanned your letter in a perfect fever of apprehension. Oh, how I longed to fly from my responsibility ! I remembered how Christ Himself in His agony prayed, out of the weakness of the flesh, that, if it were possible, the cup might pass from Him. But He drank it—drank it to its last bitter dregs.

"I do not judge you, still less do I blame you. You have acted the part of the man I knew you to be. But you say 'I can no longer regard His death as a sacrifice for sin, nor think of His resurrection as anything but a beautiful myth.' That separates us, Frank; it puts a gulf between us which nothing but the converting grace of God can bridge. For that converting grace I shall pray until the last day of my life, even if I never see you again. My love is yours. It will never be another's. But in the light of my vision yesterday of

" 'The wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,'

I dare never stand with you before God's altar to make our lives one, when they cannot be one in Christ."

How differently it seemed to read since that bitter morning a year ago when he received it. Then it looked like narrowness and bigotry; now it seemed to him a triumph of devotion; then it seemed—and he had said it over and over again in his heart—that her love compared with his must be as water unto wine, as moonlight unto sunlight; but now a love far higher and holier than his own seemed to breathe through every word.

He gazed absently out of the window and reviewed in his own mind the events of the past year. His face flushed hotly at the recollection of his own fiercely scornful letter and her brief and meek reply. How it must have hurt her sensitive spirit! Yet he certainly felt justified at the time. Her attitude seemed from his point of view so ridiculous. With a strange lack of logic, but a common one where the affections or the self-will are concerned, this man who had responded to the intellectual necessity laid upon him of renouncing his religious beliefs, failed to understand the spiritual necessity laid, with infinitely deeper sanctions, upon the heart and conscience of another.

In her reply Mabel had expressed the opinion that it would be better for each of them if they did not write. She pointed out that this difficulty was one which God alone could remove. She would pray for this removal, but meanwhile there was a life to be lived, and, for herself, she intended to devote hers to some definite form of Christian service. Thus, unless they could descend to letters of friendship and esteem only—a difficult thing to do—it would be best not to write at all.

His own reply had been very much kinder than his first letter, written, as it was, under a feeling of deep wrong. But, being himself a sincere man, and seeing no way out of the *impasse*, he sorrowfully acquiesced, and added

words of dignified love and continued devotion which nearly broke Mabel's heart, had known it.

He met George in town casually, a month after the parting, and Mabel's brother, while giving her a full measure of admiration for her devotion to principle, had expressed his strong dissent from her action. Two months later still, Mabel wrote a brief note in deepest sorrow telling him of her mother's death, and saying that, almost with her last breath, she had prayed that his life might be made sublime by faith and by works. Frank had written a letter of sincere condolence—for he loved Mrs. Lamplough—to George and Mabel conjointly, and there the correspondence had ended.

All these things had left their individual and collective impressions on his thoughtful and earnest nature. Early training, too, and a mother's saintly life and prayers had not been in vain. He was deeply immersed in his great profession, certainly, but he had always found time to read; and the thought suddenly occurred to him that, though he had read many philosophical and controversial works inimical to the claims of Christ yet he had read scarcely anything of importance on the other side. This struck him as unfair, and he had devoted his reading time during the last three months to the perusal of the choicest Christian literature.

He browsed from Horace Bushnell to Pascal, from "Holy Living and Dying," to Bishop Westcott and Dr. Fairbairn. He re-read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and found it pure delight. But, somehow, Thomas à Kempis seemed to impress him most. The Christian apologies seemed to arouse his critical faculty, and a certain penchant for argument which was born in him. But "The Imitation" does not reason—it appeals; it does not argue—it gloriously assumes. Strangely enough, such a passage as this appealed to him more than all the subtleties of exegesis: "What have redeemed souls to do with the distinctions and subtleties of logic? He whom the Eternal Word condescendeth to teach, is disengaged at once from the labyrinth of human opinions. He is that Divine Principle which speaketh to our hearts; and, without which, there can be neither just apprehension nor rectitude of judgment."

A maid appeared at the door and broke into his reverie.

"Mr. Lamplough, sir, to see you. I've shown him into the library."

"Thank you, Jane." Frank Haverland was on his feet in a moment. George! What could be the meaning of this? A moment later he was shaking hands with Mabel's brother as if

he had been his own, and a favourite one to boot.

"And—Mabel?" queried the doctor, when the first greetings were over. "Is she—well?"

"It's Mabel I've come about. No, she knows nothing about it. But she sails for China very shortly, and——"

"China! My dear chap—what——" A sudden pallor overspread Frank's face, and he leaned for support on the back of a chair.

"Sit down, old fellow, and I'll tell you all about it," said George, pretending not to notice Frank's agitation; and the doctor obeyed, like one in a dream. George talked lightly about indifferent subjects for a minute, until he saw the colour re-assert itself in Frank's cheeks, and then he said:—

"Yes, she was pressed to go in for professional singing after mother's death, but her inclination did not seem to lie in that direction. Then an old friend of Mr. Garland's stayed a week with him, preached twice in the church, and gave us a lecture. He took Mabel by storm, I can tell you."

"Took her—by storm?"

"I mean the dear old chap—he's sixty, and as yellow as a Chinaman—drew us such pictures of four hundred millions of human beings sunk in ignorance and superstition and vice, that we saw it all in a new light. He said he knew whole cities as big as Birmingham where there wasn't a doctor who had a grain of gumption, let alone science; that babies died by the million, that plagues were a commonplace, that blindness and leprosy and all sorts of nameless diseases just hummed over there. He was a doctor himself, so he knew what he was talking about. And it fetched Mabel, I tell you. She has a heart of gold, Frank. I pitched into her a year ago, but there's no doubt about her Christianity, Frank. It's the right article. And I'm free to confess that she's done me a world of good, and I'm a better man to-day because I've got a sister who walks by faith and not by sight."

"And she's going to China?" Frank's voice sounded strange and hollow. "As a missionary?"

"That's the idea," said George. "She said she had a call, and she'd got to go whether she wanted to or not. She took six months' training in sick nursing and that sort of thing—she was always handy at it—and she is accepted, and is going almost immediately."

"I—I would like to see her once before she goes, even if she doesn't see me. I wouldn't like to distress and upset her when she is going so far away."

"Just my idea, Frank. On Monday night there's a meeting at Paxton Hall to give the

lady missionaries a send-off—see? Mabel's there, of course, and Mr. Garland and old Dr. Fairhurst, the medical missionary, and there'll be some good speaking, too. Mabel'll be somewhere towards the front of the platform, and I shall be somewhere up there too, I guess. Now, if you came to the meeting, you could see her without being seen, and—if you thought you could—and I'm sure she would like it—you might——"

"I'll come, George. Eight o'clock, Paxton Hall. I'll let circumstances shape my course at the time."

IV.

FRANK HAVERLAND found the large hall packed to the doors when he arrived, but one of the door-keepers discovered a place for him close to a big pillar, behind which he could hide, if he wished. Just as he sat down, the chairman, speakers, and others filed on to the platform. He felt the strangest sensation come over him at the sight of Mabel filing in with the rest, with bowed head. Just before sitting down, she seemed to throw up her head and look directly at him, and the sight of her beautiful face turned towards him gave him another thrill. He momentarily shrank behind the pillar, although he knew that it was well-nigh impossible for her to identify him at the distance, and among so many, especially as she had not the remotest idea that he was present.

Ah, that missionary meeting will live in the memory of hundreds to the day of death, and its events will be recounted a thousand times. There was a splendid organ in the hall, and the very singing of familiar missionary hymns was electrical. Then Mr. Garland prayed, and drew very near to the throne of grace. Then one and another spoke. The speech of the veteran medical missionary, the Rev. Dr. Fairhurst, was undoubtedly the speech of the evening. After telling of his thrilling experiences during thirty years in China, he closed with a passionate appeal for personal sacrifice.

"We Christians nowadays," he exclaimed, "expect to get something for nothing. When I read Paul's account of his missionary sufferings—'in stripes above measure, in prisons most frequent, in deaths oft . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness'—I stand ashamed at the meagreness of my own self-sacrifice. I would judge no man—but what are *you* giving for the salvation of the world? Are you sitting comfortably at home, or in your church pew, or

discussing some trifle of church government or some point of the New Theology, when the Saviour is sorrowfully saying—"the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few?" Who will take up the cross of service? Who will lose his life in the teeming towns of China, that he may save it by the salvation, body and soul, of those for whom Christ died?"

Waves of mystical influence seemed to roll over the great audience as the old man spoke. It was a season when miracles occur, when the incredible appears the most commonplace, and when things impossible to men are shown to be easy to God and the God-possessed.

The next feature of the meeting was the personal testimonies of those who, for the first time, were going out into the foreign field. Young men and maidens, with the glow and warmth of a great occasion upon them, told of the way in which the call came to them. But the greatest surprise of all was reserved for the last. It was Mabel Lamplough's turn to testify, and, as she rose, and stepped to the front of the platform, the organist began to play a soft, wailing prelude, and instantly a breathing stillness seemed to fall upon the people.

Who can estimate the power of perfect music wedded to noble words? But when every word falls upon prepared hearts, when the waters of emotion have long been rising behind the floodgates of restraint and suddenly the gates are opened wide, when the World Tragedy of Calvary becomes a present, palpable reality, and the deep harmonies of a redeemed soul give sincerity and a wonderful appealing quality to a rich voice, then, surely, do the angels lean from the windows of heaven to listen.

Mabel had a wonderful voice. Like the alabaster box of ointment which might have been sold for a hundred pence, it would have seemed a sad waste to the world that these rich notes should simply and humbly be poured upon the feet of Christ. But no one there thought so. This testimony of song was to them the highest art:—

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

There was not a dry eye when Mabel ceased and sat down. Speaking was out of the question, and the chairman in a broken voice called for

a few moments of silent prayer, and for the dedication of the life to God.

During those brief moments Frank Haverland rose from the dead. The stone of doubt was rolled from his spirit's tomb, and he came forth a new man in Christ Jesus, old things being passed away, and all things having become new. Reason was transcended, and faith, the higher faculty of the soul, came into its own.

When the congregation rose, a gentleman in the audience stood up and after a few words of personal testimony announced that he would quadruple his subscription to the missionary cause. Then another and another rose until the debt which had long hampered missionary enterprise was wiped off. But the most dramatic episode was still to come, and it came from Frank Haverland.

He had known that he would do it from the moment he felt the peace of God steal into his heart during those moments of silent prayer. He had only been awaiting his opportunity. He rose and said quietly: "I am not a rich man, but God has blest me with health and strength, and he gave me parents who provided me with a good education, and enabled me to study medicine to some purpose. If the Missionary Committee would care to accept my humble services, I put them unreservedly at their disposal, for I do indeed feel to-night that—

"Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

There was a moment's nodding and beaming among the white heads on the platform, and then Mr. Garland, the vicar of Rively, rose and said: "The gentleman who has just offered himself to the Missionary Society is my dear friend, Dr. Frank Haverland, one of the rising young specialists of the day. I am commanded to say that the Missionary Committee—all whom are present—accept him here and now. Let us sing 'Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow.'"

The wedding of Frank Haverland and Mabel Lamplough was celebrated a fortnight later at Rively church. The Rev. Charles Garland officiated, and George was best man. Their honeymoon has already been a long one, spent in the service of God and man, a thousand miles up the great Yangtse River.





By DAVID WILLIAMSON.

IN the last few years the soloist has become a very important and effective helper at Sunday services. A large number of talented singers are in constant request for solos at P.S.A.'s and Men's Meetings and other Sunday services in churches and chapels. Never was there so great an opportunity for the use of vocal gifts than to-day, when preachers are only too pleased to avail themselves of the co-operation of singers.

In the following article I have given a few details concerning some of the best-known soloists who aid Christian work in this way. The list might be extended indefinitely, for all over the country singers are serving the churches and religious work generally with their voices. It should be an encouragement and an inspiration to those who have as yet failed to dedicate their voices to the service of God to see how effective song can be if used with devout intention.

Madame Jessie Strathearn.

Few solo singers are more popular at religious gatherings than Madame Jessie Strathearn, A.R.A.M. Her services are in extraordinary demand all over the country, and when I heard from her she had an engagement for every day in the following seven months, and was booked into 1910!

Madame Strathearn says: "I was brought up in mis-

sion work with my father, who was a Presbyterian missionary in the north of England. In 1880 I came to London to be educated at the Royal Academy of Music, where I remained for about six years, receiving three medals for my singing. About thirteen years ago I sang for the Rev. H. T. Meakin, at Locksfields, South London Wesleyan Mission, at one of his Friday night concerts for the people. From that time I sang periodically for the Mission until seven years ago, when the Great Central Hall, Bermondsey, was opened.

On October 21, 1900, while singing a simple Sankey's hymn, I was converted before over 2,000 people at the Hall. I have been singing Sister there ever since. The solos most enjoyed by my hearers seem to be 'When I survey the Wondrous Cross,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'I heard the Voice of Jesus Say,' and 'The Lord is my Light.' One of the happiest incidents of my mission work occurred in 1906, when three young lads at Clyde Bank, Glasgow, my native town, yielded themselves to Christ after a week's struggle. It was my first eight-days' mission, and many confessed Christ. It was all the more beautiful to me, as I had told the minister that I could not hold a mission alone. God was with me through it all, and I had a good time. This has led to



other missions, and I do not mind now what work comes in my way. I have determined to leave all work for Christ, giving back to Him and His service the gift He, in the first place, gave to me."

Miss Lucie Johnstone.

Miss Lucie Johnstone, the popular contralto, says concerning her career: "My first public appearance in sacred song took place when I was about six years old. It was at an anniversary gathering in the Sunday School of the church of which my father was minister. I was asked to sing a hymn called 'A Little Ship was on the Sea' (one that was popular in those days) with six other infants about my own age. But I refused—I hope politely—to appear unless I sang *alone*, my reason being that I could not sing as I wanted to if other children were allowed to 'join in.' So I sang my first solo, I am told, with almost boisterous enthusiasm. Being a child of the manse, I was always in close touch with the choir and music of the church, and many were the solos of a simple kind that I used to sing from time to time all through my girlhood days. When I was about thirteen years old I was very proud at being asked to join the choir of the well-known University Road Church, Belfast, where I sang for several years. In those days only the 'stars' came over to the Green Isle, such as Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Joseph Maas, Edward Lloyd, and Charles Santley. As I listened to them I wondered if ever I should sing in *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, or *St. Paul*, with a grand orchestra. My dream has been realised, for I have sung in *The Messiah* and *Elijah* more than 200 times each in the largest halls of the kingdom.

"From the start of my career in London I seemed to get connected with the music of the churches. The connection began with the great work of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. Then one day I was offered the post of contralto soloist at the City Temple. Being a sincere admirer of Dr. Joseph Parker's preaching, I simply jumped at the offer, and for twelve years I had the inestimable privilege of listening to that unique man. Dr. Parker's favourite solos were also mine. He loved 'But the Lord is mindful of His own.' 'He was despised' was another of my City Temple favourites, and for many Good Fridays it was my regular choice. Few Sundays have passed during the last eight months that I have

not sung this aria either in some London or provincial church.

"Amongst the settings of well-known hymns, Liddle's 'Abide with Me' has taken a very prominent place. A man from Blackpool met me one day in a train in London, and, recognising me, said, 'Allow me to thank you very sincerely for your singing of "Abide with Me" at the Winter Gardens last season. I shall never forget it, for it helped to make a new man of me.' Then, too, Gounod's 'There is a Green Hill' I find is very much loved. Some readers may not know that 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' which is being sung so magnificently by Madame Ada Crossley, is my own setting under the pen-name of 'Lewis Carey.' Once when I was singing this song a few years since at St. James's Hall, the second verse brought—as it ought not to have done—a broad smile to the face of the audience. I had come through a thick fog, the thickest I had ever been through, and I was more than an hour and a half late, in fact no one expected me to arrive. So when I sang 'Though like a wanderer' the audience could not refrain from expressing their amusement at the fitness of the words.

"It may be interesting to know that Dr. Parker set me composing. He one day said to me, 'I wish you could write an air to "Nearer, my God, to Thee," where the musical accent would come on the right words.' Shortly before Dr. Parker died, I sang the solo—the result of his suggestion—at the City Temple, and when the service was over he sent for me and said in his own wholehearted way, 'Lucie, you have done it well, and that song is going to be a great success.' How glad he would have been had he lived to see his prophecy so well fulfilled! But enough, my best and happiest hours in public have been spent in sacred song, and I would fain sing distinctly sacred music all the time."

Madame Annie Ryall.

Many thousands of people all over the country have reason to remember with gratitude the name of Madame Annie Ryall, who has sung in missions, with great effect, in all parts of the United Kingdom. Her father founded the London Street Mission in Dockhead, and she helped him in open-air services as a child. She had tuition from various teachers, including Miss Marion Williams, A.R.A.M., and studied for a short time at the Guildhall School of Music, and then with Miss Kate E. Bhenke. Her services were in great demand for concerts

but in 1892 the conviction came upon her that she ought to devote her talent to the service of God exclusively. The South London Wesleyan Mission was just then commencing Sunday afternoon services at the Bermondsey Town Hall, and Madame Annie Ryall was asked to sing. She consented, and for ten years she was the soloist at these services. Many ministers who preached there invited her afterwards to sing at their churches, and it was not long before she was kept very busy at religious services. On an average she has been singing the Gospel for five nights out of every seven for several years, except during periods of illness.

The first great mission where blessing followed her singing in a remarkable degree was at the United Mission in Manchester in 1894. A large number attributed their conversion to the influence of Madame Ryall's solos, and she was presented with a Bible signed by many of them. The solos which she has found most useful have included "Christ Liveth in Me" (El Nathan); "Deeper Let the Living Waters Flow" (Simpson); "Music in My Soul" (Ada Rose); "Jesus is Standing in Pilate's Hall," and "Who will Decide Today?" (Julia A. Johnstone).

The following are a few incidents which occur to Madame Ryall's recollection, showing the usefulness of sacred song.

In the South London Wesleyan Mission a man who had been reading some infidel productions came and heard "Christ Liveth in Me." He went away greatly moved and very angry, but could not shake off the impression all the week. Next week he came again and heard the Rev. J. H. Hopkins preach on "Not I, but Christ." At the end of the service he went into the enquiry room and asked for further instruction. His wife accompanied him—both were converted.

At the same Mission the hymn was blessed to two men, friends and both heavy drinkers, who had evidently been under conviction, but could not see how they could be Christians because of their slavery to drink. "Christ Liveth in Me" revealed to them the secret of

power and both were converted, and since through their instrumentality eight members of their families have been converted. The men themselves never tire of giving their testimony in the open air.

Recently in Hyde Park a warrant officer in one of the crack regiments heard Madame Ryall sing "What will you do with Jesus?" and a struggle began within his heart. His own words are that he stood unwillingly and heard the address by Mr. Charles Cook. Then Madame Ryall sang "Going away unsaved." The lines

"Some go away from this place to-night
Purified from sin,
Others reject the gracious light
And go away unclean,"

decided him. At the after-meeting in Hyde Park Hall he said to Mr. Cook,

"I surrender unconditionally. Praise God."

Mr. Alexander Tucker.

Mr. Alexander Tucker has sung in all parts of the United Kingdom, and nowhere with greater success than in our churches, where his devotional style, allied to a beautiful bass voice, has made the deepest impression. In the words of Dr. Ebenezer Prout, the eminent composer, Mr. Tucker is a "tone artist," and wherever he goes he receives a cordial welcome from all appreciators of good singing.

In reply to my request for some details of his work, Mr. Tucker says: "My earliest recollections of church singing carry me back to Sunday school days in my native town of Langport, Somerset, where as a boy of but six or seven summers I well remember being reprimanded by the lady superintendent for singing *too loudly*. Another 'great occasion' in my early boyhood was the chapel anniversary, where I was put up to 'send the echo back again' from the vestry in the well-known Sunday School hymn. At the age of sixteen, or thereabouts, my first song in public at a week-night entertainment in the chapel school-room was 'Nancy Lee,' when some of the folk predicted a musical career. At eighteen came the departure for the great metropolis, where I went to the City Temple and applied for admission to the choir with a great



MADAME ANNIE RYALL.

amount of fear and trembling. I was admitted 'on trial.'

"I might write a book on my many interesting experiences and great occasions when I sang to thousands and thousands of people gathered from all parts of the world during my thirteen years of happiest associations with Dr. Parker, and my ever good friend Mr. E. Minshall, who was for several years the much-respected organist. One occasion, however, will always stand out from the rest, and that was when I sang 'The King of Love' (Gounod) following upon Henry Ward Beecher's sermon from the text 'And the greatest of these is Love.' To secure the attention of the vast congregation when the great preacher had sat down required almost superhuman effort. The crowd on this occasion necessitated a special body of police to keep a way for the traffic on Holborn Viaduct, even after the great church was full.

"The Sunday solos I find most effective are, 'Behold, I stand at the Door' (Jude); 'The Ninety and Nine' (Josiah Booth); 'The Peace of God' (Gounod); 'I was wandering and weary' (A. H. Brown); and 'Knocking, knocking, who is there?' I am now singing one or more of these nearly every Sunday in churches of all denominations up and down the United Kingdom. There is nothing like good music to blend the sects."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Constable.

A gifted pair of vocalists are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Constable, who have long been popular in connection with religious services, as well as on the concert platform. Mrs. Constable won fame under her maiden name of Miss Lizzie Neal. She is a native of Birmingham, and made her *début* in the Town Hall. Her rich contralto voice was so much praised that she was encouraged to continue her studies at the Royal Academy of Music, where in her first year she secured two medals. When she was at Birmingham she was very much interested in the

Early Morning Schools, and taught a class there. She is very proud of a silver watch which was given her by the teachers of the school when she left Birmingham for London, and another of her prized possessions is a beautiful glass cup blown and engraved by one of the scholars.

Mr. Charles Constable has a fine baritone voice. He is descended from an old Huguenot family, but is a Londoner by birth and education. He studied at the Guildhall School of Music, and made his *début* in the Albert Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Constable are very much in request at missions, where their sacred duets always create a deep impression. They conduct missions themselves with much success, and are associated with various branches of religious work. The Rev. Silvester Horne, writing to them, says concerning their visits to Whitefield's: "We have never had any singers who have succeeded better in creating the true devotional atmosphere, and whose singing has been more



(Photo. Reginald Haines.)
MR. ALEXANDER TUCKER.

helpful from the evangelical point of view."

Mr. Constable relates the following interesting incident which occurred during one of his tours in Canada. "During our visit to Toronto my wife and I were going up Albert Street when we met our friend Commissioner Coombs with Commissioner Railton. He said, 'I am delighted to see you both; you are just the two I was longing to meet. Come with us to-night to the Central Prison, and sing to the poor fellows there.' We said we should be most happy to do so, and duly went. We were ushered into a large hall where sat four or five hundred prisoners, with six warders on elevated seats on either side. It was a sad sight to see young, middle-aged, and old men together—some first offenders, some sad and shamefaced, and some hardened inhabitants there.

"A hymn was given out, and the famous Salvation Army Toronto band struck up. All sang most heartily. Then Mrs. Constable sang 'Abide with Me,' which must have

brought to many a mind the recollection of Sunday school days and the dear ones at home. I sang to them of the Divine Redeemer, and then we both sang the duet 'The King of Love my Shepherd Is.' When we were singing 'My Father Knows,' many an eye was wet with tears as the hard hearts were softened under the influence of the song. Commissioners Railton and Coombs appealed to them, and asked those to stand who would like us to pray for them. Thirty-two rose from their seats, and among them was a black man with his face beaming with joy. At the conclusion of the service many a face was the brighter through the songs that had been brought into their solitude. I visited some of the prisoners in their cells, and was cheered to find that the worthy Governor of the prison allowed the men to decorate their cells with photographs of their mothers, sisters, and other relatives, as he found it gave a hallowed effect to their lives and helped to raise them from their fallen state. We think English prisons might do well to copy this."

Miss Wilhelmine Fink.

A very charming contralto singer, who is well-known at many a P.S.A., is Miss Wilhelmine Fink, who in answer to my request for a few particulars of her musical life says: "We were always accustomed to sing together at home, and when I was sixteen I joined the choir of Walworth Road Baptist Chapel. Mr. J. Nettleton Taylor was then the organist and choir-master, and hearing from our public librarian that I had a powerful voice he asked to hear me sing. He advised me to have my voice trained, and I commenced lessons at once with him, and he has been my good friend and tutor ever

since. I still go to him twice a week when possible.

"My first oratorio engagement was at the age of eighteen, when I sang at Leyton Congregational Church in *The Messiah*.

In the same year I sang in *Judas Maccabæus* for Mr. L. C. Venables, and have had several engagements from him. Three years ago the London Sunday School Choir, of which I had been a member for ten years, honoured me with an engagement to sing at the Annual Festival in the Royal Albert Hall in company with Miss Agnes Nicholls and Mr. Charles Saunders. It was indeed a red-letter day for me. I wasn't a bit nervous and enjoyed it immensely, singing five songs in all, three of them being encores. I have also had the pleasure of singing the solos in *Elijah* in Canterbury Cathedral.

"With regard to Sunday work I have enjoyed that more than anything, except singing in *Elijah*. Walworth Road Chapel was the scene of my earliest efforts in this respect, but I do not remember anything particular about the first time that I sang there. I have sung in a great many churches in London and the provinces. The Men's Own at Rotherhithe is a glorious meeting; there is an electricity about it that is most inspiring, and I always sing my best there.

"I have a good collection of sacred solos, but should like a great many more. It is not easy to get really effective sacred songs. Those that I have used most are 'Abide with Me' (S. Liddle); 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'; 'The Voice of the Father' (Cowen); 'The Peace of God' (Gounod); and 'Behold, I stand at the Door' (W. H. Jude). The last-named solo is always being asked for, and wins appreciation wherever I sing it."



MISS WILHELMINE FINK.



MR. DAVID EVANS.



(Photo: Harrison.)
MRS. C. CONSTABLE



(Photo: Harrison.)
MR. C. CONSTABLE.

Mr. David Evans.

A comparative new-comer, but a very welcome addition to the ranks of singers of sacred solos, is Mr. David Evans. He has a charming baritone voice, and his Welsh nationality enables him to impart great feeling into his singing. The first time I heard Mr. Evans was in the Great Hall, Rotherhithe, where, before an audience of 1,700 men, Mr. Evans sang with thrilling effect, and in response to their enthusiastic applause he gave to their delight his very popular solo "Singing for Jesus."

In answer to my question as to his career Mr. Evans said: "I am a native of Pont-y-rwyd, near Aberystwyth. When I was about twelve years of age my father, being a miner, went to Glamorganshire to the coal mines. I worked in a coal mine from the age of thirteen, and then came to London eleven years ago. I was in business until three years ago, singing a great deal gratuitously for the pure love of it. Then I went to study at the Royal Academy of Music under Mr. D. Ffrangcon Davies, M.A., and while there I won the bronze, silver, and gold medals. I gained the Gilbert Betjemann prize for operatic singing in 1906, and I also gained the Swansea Eisteddfod prize at the Royal Academy of Music in 1901. I won the baritone solo prize at the National Eisteddfod out of eighty competitors. I have been singing since I was a child, for my father was very musical, and had a good baritone voice in his youth. My favourite solos at Sunday services have been 'Singing for Jesus,' by W. H. Davies, a dear old friend of mine; 'Thou art passing hence, my brother,' by Sir Arthur Sullivan; and 'When I survey the Wondrous Cross,' by Edgar Pettman. This last song has created the deepest impression, and I usually have to repeat it whenever I visit some churches."

Miss Carrie James.

A very popular soloist at Sunday services is Miss Carrie James, who was the contralto singer on concert tours with Madame Melba and Madame Patti—a fact which, in itself, proves what a fine voice she possesses.

Miss Carrie James says: "The piano was my first study in music, but I sang at school concerts when I was quite small. The first Sunday service at which I can remember singing was a separate service for children at the Sunday school which I attended in Birmingham. I can well remember how nervous I was when I stood up to sing."

'I will arise,' for I was not fourteen years old. When I was about fifteen my piano teacher took it into his head to give me singing lessons, and I began singing at some local concerts as a soprano. My father sent my sister and myself to a school in Normandy so that we might learn the French language. After returning home I began to sing in a Primitive Methodist choir. Then I took lessons from a very competent teacher, Miss Louise Cestria, who entered me as a competitor at the National Eisteddfod. I was successful in



(Photo, Reynolds & Baines.)
MISS CARRIE JAMES.

winning the prize for the contralto sacred solo. The number of competitors was narrowed down to another girl and myself, and when I won I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. I was very sorry that we could not both win, as I told my rival. The solo I then sang was Hartwell Jones's 'The Voice that bids me Come.' I have found this song always very effective, and am also fond of singing 'Abide with Me,' and Sullivan's 'God shall wipe away all tears.'

"I studied at the Royal College of Music for two years, and, after leaving the College, Mr. Percy Harrison heard me sing and engaged me to go on tour with Madame Melba, and afterwards with Madame Patti. I have very pleasant recollections of these

tours, for, of course, there were immense audiences wherever these famous singers appeared. The tour extended to Scotland, and the Scotch audiences were specially kind. Madame Melba takes a real interest in other singers, and I look back with great pleasure to a morning when the *prima donna* taught me 'Beloved, it is Morn.' One of the most delightful incidents I remember was singing 'Father of Heaven' (*Judas Macca-bæus*), at Birmingham. Sometimes one is specially *en rapport* with one's audience, and this was an occasion when I sang with my whole heart. I enjoy oratorio singing immensely, for I think the continuity of a work enables one to do better justice to one's powers, and it is more interesting to be on the platform listening to other people, and singing oneself, than making two or three brief appearances at a concert. It has always been a joy to me to sing, and I never experience more delight than in singing sacred music."

Mrs. Frank Nicholson.

No one is more popular at Bloomsbury Baptist Central Mission than Mrs. Frank Nicholson, whose husband was formerly associated with the Rev. Thomas Phillips in the splendid work which is being accomplished there. She comes of a musical family, two of her brothers having been choristers at St. Paul's Cathedral, Salisbury Cathedral, and New College, Oxford, while two of her sisters have also won distinction by their singing. She studied singing first of all at a boarding-school at Margate, and her first actual experience as a soloist was in a cantata which was rendered at the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Cliftonville. She entered the Guildhall School of Music, and on the advice of the late Sir Joseph Barnby paid special attention to singing. Having become engaged to the Rev. Frank S. W. Nicholson, who was then minister of

John Street Chapel, Bedford Row, she assisted her *fiancé* in the evangelistic services which he conducted. She was married to the Rev. Frank Nicholson in 1902.

Since her husband's breakdown in health she has returned to the concert platform, although the singing of sacred solos is still her special delight. Her favourites include: "Hark, my Soul, it is the Lord" (Gounod); "Come unto Me"; "Like as the Hart" (Allitsen); "He was Despised" (Campbell); "O Rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn), and a new solo by Bruce Steane. A few days after she

had sung the last-named for the first time she received a letter from the composer in which he said, "Allow me to congratulate you on your splendid rendering of my song 'I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.' I was myself present with some friends, and we were one and all charmed with your voice as being that of a true artiste." Mrs. Frank Nicholson (*née* Miss Minnie Lendrum) has often been thanked for her singing by those who have been led back to the Father's Home by her rendering of sacred music.



(Photo: Reginald Haines)

MRS. FRANK NICHOLSON.

Miss Marion Dykes Spicer.

At Whitefield's and Claremont, as well as at many other churches in London, the voice of Miss Marion Dykes Spicer has given the greatest delight. She is the daughter of Sir Albert Spicer, Bart., M.P., and I am indebted to Lady Spicer for a few details as to her career.

"My daughter's voice is a low mezzo-soprano, and she has been trained under M. Bouhy, of Paris, and Mr. Winsloe Hall, of London. She tells me that what she has felt to be the most sympathetic solos are those which are well known to most audiences, such as 'O Rest in the Lord,' from *Elijah*, and 'He shall feed His Flock,' from *The Messiah*. A sacred song which she has repeatedly rendered is Gounod's

'O Divine Redeemer.' She has frequently sung at Men's Meetings and mission services, giving sometimes Moody and Sankey's hymns with a refrain in which the audience can join. It has always been a great pleasure to her to sing at Sunday services in London, as well as in the provinces when we have been away from home."

Mr. Dan Price.

A singer who has been very much appreciated in London is Mr. Dan Price. He may be said to have sung at a Sunday service for the first time in April, 1888, when he began his twelve years' connection with Westminster Abbey. Tens of thousands of worshippers have heard Mr. Price's beautiful voice ringing through the vaulted aisles of the Abbey. He has lately been a welcome visitor to Whitefield's, in Tottenham Court Road. Among the solos which Mr. Price has found specially acceptable are: "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Liddle); "God that madest Earth and Heaven" (Sanderson); "The King of Love my Shepherd Is" (Gounod); "Glory to Thee, my God, this Night" (Gounod); and "Nazareth." Of course Mr. Price is specially familiar with the solos in the great oratorios, for he has been the soloist at a large number of performances of *The Messiah* and *Elijah*.



MR. DAN PRICE.

Madame Edith Hands.

For several years Madame Edith Hands has been in great request as a vocalist on Sundays, and at Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church she has been a soloist whose popularity has



(Photo. Whiteley.)

MISS MARION DYKES SPICER.

a Tonic Sol-fa Demonstration when she was eight. I believe that Madame Hands still sings from a tonic sol-fa edition of *The Messiah*.

Later on she went to Brighton School of Music and gained various distinctions, passing into the Royal Academy of Music with brilliant success. She won the Parepa Rosa scholarship, the Sainton Dolby prize, the bronze and silver medals for singing and sight-singing, and is an Associate of the Academy. One of her earliest engagements was touring with the late Mr. Sims Reeves. Some years ago her voice changed from a contralto to a soprano. She is very successful as a teacher of singing.



MADAME EDITH HANDS.

A Great Devotional Writer.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE REV. ALEXANDER SMELLIE, M.A., AUTHOR OF
"IN THE HOUR OF SILENCE," ETC.

ALEXANDER SMELLIE stands in the forefront of living writers of pure devotional literature. He belongs to that wonderful company on whose roll appear the names of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, Thomas à Kempis, Lancelot Andrewes, Jeremy Taylor, Henry Vaughan, George Herbert, Samuel Rutherford, Blaise Pascal, John Bunyan, John Woolman, and Christina Rossetti. Servants of Jesus Christ who plainly say, "I love my Master . . . I will not go out free," these love and tell over and over again the chains of gratitude and reverent admiration and sympathy and mystical union which keep them in the bondage which is their pride. As they stand up before it, publishing the message of the Lord, the world perceives that they carry His portrait on their faces and in their souls.

Mr. Smellie's published work is divided into two distinct categories. In one there are the books of meditation pure and simple: "In the Hour of Silence," "In the Secret Place," "Service and Inspiration," and the tiny "Give me the Master." In the other there are the biographical and critical studies of his fellow-servants of Jesus Christ. The largest and most widely known collection of these constitutes "Men of the Covenant," a work which among all books on the Covenanters of Scotland stands easily first. The rest must be sought in the series of "Books for the Heart," to which as general editor he has furnished introductory essays, and in Andrew Melrose's edition of "Selected Poems of Christina Rossetti," to which he has made a like contribution.

The work in both categories is distinguished, in the proper etymological sense of that term, too loosely used nowadays. It is the candid revelation of a personality, and cannot be mistaken for the work of anyone else. Perhaps the first thing that strikes a new reader is the extraordinary catholicity of Mr. Smellie's reading. Nothing

printed seems to elude his notice, and nothing worthy of having been printed seems to miss his approval or to escape his memory. He draws his illustrations from the whole range of literature, and is as familiar with contemporary journalism and the best modern fiction as he is with the classics and mediæval theology. A scholar in grain, with a fastidious sense of the values of words, he is not a schoolmaster, not the least a pedant. He gets to the essential heart of things, and is tolerant of any outward appearance. Immense humanity, elusive humour playing over everything, bold and pictorial language, pithy expression, and virile energy, combine to make up a style native and racy, but sweetened always and even sublimated by a wonderful spirituality.

Of the man himself, the world at large knows little. Shy and retiring, he has not even been caught in the wide net of that entertaining book of reference, "Who's Who"; and those who are privileged to claim his friendship respect his inclination to keep in the shade. Yet one or two

biographical facts are known, and will be of interest to his readers who do not know them. Mr. Smellie is a Lowland Scot, a son of the manse, his father having been a most distinguished minister of the original Secession Church, otherwise known in Scotland as "Auld Licht."

Mr. Smellie, who is a graduate of Edinburgh University, is himself a preacher of great distinction; and had he been open to leave the small branch of Presbyterianism to which he belongs he could have had one of the most prominent pulpits in Scotland. For a brief period he was lured away from his ministerial work, and for a year he occupied the editorial chair of a religious weekly in London. But the "work of the ministry" pulled him back, and he gave up journalism gladly, and went back to a country charge with great delight.



THE REV. ALEXANDER SMELLIE.

The Peacemaker.

A Complete Story.

By ROBERT J. BUCKLEY.

"HALLO, Sunbeam," cried the vicar, as passing through the lych-gate of the old churchyard, he descried a beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in white, bearing a basket of roses, coming along the grassy path that led from the village to the Norman tower that for ages had been associated with the joys and sorrows of the villagers.

At the sound of the vicar's voice she quickened her pace to a run, and shortly the happy pair were shaking hands with the ardour of lovers. True, the vicar was rising seventy-five, but that made no difference.

To see the face of Miss "Sunbeam" was to fall in love, hopelessly, irremediably, at once, and for "keeps." Never was a more charming smile; never a more irradiating presence.

"And here you are once more, after three whole months of Davos Platz. And are we better, quite better?"

"We are quite well, thank you," said Miss Sunbeam, "and what is more, we were not really ill. A false alarm, the doctors say."

"How thankful I am; how thankful the whole village will be! All of us were terribly anxious, you know—I about my Sunbeam, the villagers about their Squire."

For strange to relate, this young girl in white, the only child of a young couple who, to the grief of the entire district, had left her, a tiny girl, an orphan, was the titular Squire of the village. The people had called her father Squire; her grandfather, her great-grandfather, had been Squires, living in the same old mansion, and now, from force of habit, the people continued to give the sole remaining representative of the family the familiar title, without much care for its correctness.

To the villagers Miss Muriel, as the owner of the village, was the Squire; to the vicar she was "Sunbeam," and, whatever might be said of the title of Squire, it was conceded that the pet name conferred by the vicar was admirably descriptive, and, as an inspiration, unsurpassable.

"We arrived at the Hall late last evening, and now I am going round the village," said Miss Muriel.

"If the poor folks had known," said the vicar, "they would have put up a triumphal arch."

"But I dislike giving trouble, and so we

kept the secret. Besides, it was so lovely to surprise you all. Ah! the dear, dear old church. Come with me, and let us lay these roses on the graves."

When the pious duty was completed the vicar said—

"You will be calling on Mary Beck."

"My old nurse? Certainly. She will be my first care."

"Precisely. Now, will you believe that Mary is in trouble?"

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"She has quarrelled with Sarah Brown."

Miss Muriel's pretty face exhibited a sharp surprise, not unmingled with alarm.

"Their gardens meet at the lower ends," continued the vicar. "Mary and her husband are wrapped up in their gardening, and Sarah has begun to keep fowls, which are alleged to make raids on her neighbour's flower beds."

"What a small matter to quarrel about! Such friends as they were. Both in service together at the Hall for years and years!"

"Apparently a small matter, but what appears to others to be a petty annoyance is often most irritating to the parties concerned. I have done what I could, but so long as the fowls continue their deplorable conduct, nothing can be done. Sarah is bent on fowl-keeping, and declares that the damage is imaginary. Mary is loud in her protestations of injury. First the women had high words; then the husbands were involved. At the moment, John Beck talks of borrowing a gun to shoot the fowls, if ever he catches them on his ground, and William Brown dares him to do it on pain of being brought before the magistrates. And there we are!"

Miss Muriel was disconsolate.

"If anyone can bring about a reconciliation it is my Sunbeam," continued the vicar. "Mary is devoted to you, and Sarah also. But tact is required. Pride, you know, the sin of the poor as well as of the rich. Neither will give way, though both are miserable. Nothing is more uncomfortable than the differences of near neighbours, especially those who, as in this case, have been life-long friends."

"I will do my best," said the Squire, "and will call at the vicarage on my return to tell you what success I have had."

"Remember, dear Sunbeam, that you will need all your skill. May good fortune attend you."

II.

GREAT was the delight of Mary Beck when the Squire, whom she loved to call "the Baby," tapped at the open cottage door. After the greetings, came the recital of the virtues and graces of Mary's pig, which had recently departed amid the regrets of the family, his last hours surrounded by every tribute of esteem.

"Butcher Bagnall," said Mary, "come and look at him last Monday was a week, and says he to my husband, 'John Beck,' he says, 'that animal's ready for the knife. I wish you and me was half as fit to die,' he says."

"So we've two as nice flitches as ever you saw, and lovely hams. And yesterday I baked the pork-pies we send out to the neighbours. There they be, on that tray. Did you ever see such pictures?"

"Never, indeed, nor such ornaments. But—what's the writing on them?"

"Ah! Miss Muriel, I done it with the point of a little knife, but it don't come out plain on some of 'em. It goes faint in the baking, you know. But here's one that's pretty clear. 'With Mary's love.' That's what it's meant for, anyhow. You see, all the neighbours as don't keep pigs send wash and one thing or another. So, of course, we send a pie in return. If you'd only accept one, Squire, I should be proud, indeed! But I know you don't care for pork pie."

"Thank you all the same, Mary. But you'll have none too many for the neighbours. By the way, how is Sarah?"

Mary's expression changed at once. Somehow, the Squire was reminded of a cloud coming between the sun and a smiling cornfield.

"I don't know how her health is, but her temper's bad," said Mary. "The trouble we've had with her hens coming through the hedge that divides our gardens!"

She paused, at a loss for adequate words.

Then she added: "It's unbeknown, Squire, that's what it is. It's unbeknown."

"You astonish me, Mary. Do tell me all about it."

"We was born next door neighbours, me and Sarah," said Mary, in solemn tones, "we went to the Hall together when we left school, she to the scullery, me to the nursery; we was christened together, and we was married on the same day. Her William and my John was ever the best of friends, but now it's all over!"

And Mary, overcome with emotion, sat down in her husband's arm-chair.

"You know how my John loves his garden, Squire? Every night, come rain, come shine, he was pottering round it with hoe and rake, his pipe in his mouth, merry as a bee, and gossiping with William Brown over the hedge, they putting their heads together about seeds, and manure, and how to kill the fly that took the turnips. And now they're at daggers drawn, likewise me and Sarah. And all along of a parcel of hens."

"Them fowls come through the hedge bottom and scratch everythink up, and mess the beds that John has raked as smooth as a myogony counter, till he's give up. 'What's the good?' he says, 'of spending your nights, when you're tired with the day's work, on making things neat and tidy, when them hens of Sarah's gets in and scratches the place into rucks and heaps?"

"I spoke to Sarah, and she told me it was my own cats. Well, Squire, I do hold to my cats, they're the only pets I have, and I know their ways. To think she should go and back-bite my two beautiful pussies, that never did nobody no harm! I gave her a bit of my mind, Squire: not being one as can stand by and hear the innocent slandered. And Sarah, she ups and says she's as much right to her hens as I have to my cats, and as for her poor dear pullets damaging anybody's garden, she wouldn't believe it if a angel told her. Think of that!"

"The very next day I took her a egg to her very own door. 'There, Sarah,' I said, 'this was laid on the straw in our garden. Was it my cats,' I said, 'that laid that egg?' Oh! Squire, if you'd heard her words! She's got a rough side to her tongue, has Sarah."

"Then my John mentioned it, civil, to William, and William, of course, took his wife's part. And John said he'd shoot, and William dared him, and said he'd have the law of him. And now, 'stead of going to work together, and coming home together, like brothers, and chatting over the hedge, and smoking a pipe at each other's firesides, they never speak. And"—Mary lowered her voice to a whisper—"they *do* say that William's taken to dropping in of nights at the Red Cow, and smoking his pipe with the riff-raff there. Oh dear, oh dear!"

And Mary shook her head dolorously.

"And is there no hope of your making it up, Mary? Think how sad it is for old friends like you and Sarah and John and William to be at enmity."

"It's very sad, Squire, and John and me sit moping about it, I can tell you. But it's



(*Cartoonist*)

"'I don't know how her health is, but her temper's bad,' said Mary"—p. 475.

their fault. They won't keep their hens off our ground, and we can't be expected to put up with our beds being destroyed. So what's to be done? Who'd ever have thought it of Sarah, after we was christened together by the very same vicar at the same font, and married at the same church on the very same day as ever was? Oh dear! Oh dear!"

And Mary shook her head once more, despairingly.

"Now, Mary," said the Squire, "we will speak of this some other day. I cannot tell you how grieved I am to hear such sad things the first day of my return. Not another word, Mary," as Mary was about to protest. "I have still to make several calls, and I have an idea. You wish me to accept a pie?"

"Oh, Squire, if you only would."

"As you know, pork pies don't agree with me. But if you will you can give me one to do what I like with."

"Certainly, Squire, if you'll only accept one, anyhow, your old nurse will be as proud as Punch."

"Then I shall take this one, with the clearest inscription—'With Mary's love.' And I may do what I like with it, Mary?"

Mary protested her complete content, and the Squire went away with the pie, neatly swathed in a snowy napkin, reposing in the basket that had held the roses.

III.

MISS MURIEL went straight to the cottage of Sarah Brown, and after due preliminaries, produced the pie.

"There," she said. "With Mary's love."

And Sarah after a moment of approximate petrification, burst into tears, to the intense surprise of her William, who returned from the day's work at the very height of the torrent.

"What a heart Mary has!" sobbed Sarah. "And the things I've been and gone and said to her! William," she said, addressing her husband with something like sternness, but which was only the outward and visible sign of an inward and immovable resolve, "afore you've hung your hat on that peg, go down to the ironmongers and get as much wire netting

as'll go all along the hedge. Hens, indeed! I wouldn't vex Mary Beck, as I was christened with, for all the hens that ever wore a feather. Hurry up, William! Bring the roll, and cut off what fits. I'll pay out of my egg-money. Hens, good sakes alive! I'm going round to Mary's, and I shall ask John to come in and smoke a pipe. It's all going to be the same as afore. Mind ye that!"

"One moment, Sarah. I will walk on and tell Mary you're coming," said the Squire.

"Well," said Mary Beck, "of all the angels that ever was! I'm as pleased as if somebody had left me money. Little did I think, Miss Baby, what you was about! No, no, I shall say nothink. I'm too pleased. Let well alone, I say, and let bygones be bygones."

And seeing Sarah at the wicket, Mary ran to the door, and the two were instantly folded as one.

"When I see that pie, Mary, you could have knocked me down with a straw. I was that ashamed of myself. But here comes William."

John Beck rose from his chair and went to meet his friend.

William was the first to speak.

"Just called round like, to say that if anythink as I've said was anythink as I didn't ought to have said——"

"Same here," interrupted John heartily.

"Call it square, eh? Come in and try a pipe of this 'bacca the Squire's brought me."

And as the reconciled quartet settled down in the old friendly way, Miss Muriel left amid a shower of blessings.

There was no need to call at the vicarage. The venerable vicar was again by the lychgate, and as the Squire approached hastened to meet her.

"Ah, Sunbeam," he cried. "No need to tell me all is well. The glory of good deeds is upon you, the halo of happiness is round your head. Yet I must hear the particulars. Come, tell me all."

And when the Squire, with many smiles, had told the simple story, the old man kissed her hand, and taking off his hat as though about to deal with holy things said:

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."



"The Quiver" Bazaar Competition.

By THE EDITOR.

THE thousands of readers of THE QUIVER who contributed to our Bazaar Competition will be interested to hear that two beautiful stalls at the annual Sale of Work on behalf of the Church Army were entirely furnished with the charming articles sent to the Church Army as their share of the total goods received by THE QUIVER.

The Sale of Work was opened on November 25th at the Portman Rooms in London, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, who was accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. I am glad to inform our

her deep sympathy with the object of the Sale of Work, and alluding very regretfully to the enforced absence of Prebendary Carlile owing to illness, and the bereavements which the Church Army had sustained by the death of Mr. Edward Clifford and other friends.

After a vote of thanks had been passed to the Princess, Her Highness visited the various stalls, including THE QUIVER stalls.

A brisk trade was done at our stalls, and I heard that more than one article realised over a sovereign, showing what can be accom-



THE TWO STALLS AT THE CHURCH ARMY SALE OF WORK FURNISHED BY "THE QUIVER" BAZAAR COMPETITION.

bazaar competitors that their work was very much admired by the Duchess and her royal husband, who visited the stalls and made some purchases at them. On the following day I was present when the bazaar was declared open by H.H. Princess Louise Augusta, who has manifested a warm personal interest in the work of the Church Army for a long time. The Princess made a delightful little speech expressing

plished in the manufacture of articles from materials which have only cost one shilling. The beautiful piece of lace work which gained the first prize in our competition had a place of honour on one of the stalls.

On a previous date a sale of the goods given to Dr. Barnardo's Homes took place at Barkingside, and the authorities of Dr. Barnardo's Homes were very grateful for the assistance rendered by THE QUIVER.



DIXISTI.

(From the Picture by Oswald Moser.)

Easter in Art.

By CLARENCE WILLOUGHBY.

IT might have been thought that Easter, with all its exquisite suggestions and solemn thoughts, would have inspired artists to great achievements. I have been surprised, however, to find, in searching for Easter subjects, how rarely this season of the Church's year has appealed to British artists. On the Continent many artists of renown have selected the Resurrection as the theme of their work, not always with happy results, as judged by our eyes. The late Gustave Doré and other foreign artists have chosen to make their Easter paintings of a character which alienates rather than attracts the eye. Fortunately, we are able to give four examples of British art which are in every way satisfactory, and they are types of representative work which are well worthy of careful study.

"The Morning of the Resurrection."

One of the most beautiful conceptions which we owe to the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who has enriched our public and private galleries with many masterpieces, is his picture, "The Morning of the Resurrection." The theme of the picture is to be found in St. John xx. 14: "And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus." It will be remembered that Mary Magdalene had remained at the tomb weeping, and suddenly she saw two angels

where the body of our Saviour had been placed. They inquired of her the cause of her sorrow, and she answered, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." As she was turning away, disheartened in her grief, she beheld Christ, but failed to discern Him, supposing Him to be the gardener. One of the last sermons preached by Dr. Parker in the City Temple was a masterly exposition of the words "Supposing Him to be the gardener," the preacher saying that the denial of the Divinity of our Saviour was the greatest obstacle to men's belief in Him; they were perpetually supposing Him to be the gardener, instead of the Saviour of the world. Sir Edward Burne-Jones had great delight in painting this picture, "The Morning of the Resurrection," and it is now in the possession of Mrs. Williams, who has kindly granted permission to reproduce it in THE QUIVER.

"The Supper at Emmaus."

Another picture appropriate to the season of Easter is "The Supper at Emmaus," by Sir Charles Holroyd. Turning to St. Luke xxiv. 29-30, we read: "They constrained Him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, He took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them." Our risen Saviour had



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THE MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION.

(By Sir Edward Burne-Jones.)



(Reproduced by kind permission of the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse.)

THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS.

(By Sir Charles Holroyd.)

joined the two disciples in their walk to the village of Emmaus, and, still unrecognised by them, had entered into the house for supper. As He sat at meat and blessed the food, exactly as He had blessed it at the Last Supper only a few nights before, the disciples' eyes were opened, and they knew their Lord. An exquisite lesson of the story is that it was Christ's gratitude for the food and His acknowledgment to God that was the revelation of Himself. Sir Charles Holroyd has painted no finer Biblical subject. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. Hobhouse, who kindly allows us to reproduce it.

Two Pictures by Mr. Moser.

With regard to the two pictures by Oswald Moser which are reproduced in this article,

the artist has given me some interesting facts. His picture "Dixisti" was painted in 1903, and was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and afterwards secured the distinction of honourable mention at the Paris Salon. It has been exhibited subsequently at Liverpool and in other places.

The artist has heard curious comments on the painting, showing that Biblical knowledge is not very profound among some visitors to art exhibitions. One lady who had looked at the picture for some time asked, "Which is Pontius Pilate?"

Mr. Moser's picture, "He Hid not His Face from Shame" (Isaiah l. 6), was exhibited in the Royal Academy three years ago, and attracted considerable attention among the visitors.



"HE HID NOT HIS FACE FROM SHAME"—ISAIAH L. 6.
(From the Painting by Oswald Moser.)

Miss Fallowfield's Fortune.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

(Author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," Etc.)

PART I.

SYNOPSIS.

At a watering-place on the Welsh coast Charlotte Fallowfield sits in her dingy lodgings and deplures her poverty, but her niece Phoebe insists on taking a more hopeful view of their prospects. Each girl is engaged, but the chance of marriage for them is remote. Hearing of St. Winifrede's Well, where one may pray and the prayer be granted, Charlotte goes forth to offer a petition meeting on the way an aged clergyman, who counsels her to pray only for what accords with the Divine Will. Returning home, she learns that her lover has suddenly left for America to inherit the fortune of a rich uncle, and by the next mail she receives news that her lover himself is dead, and the whole of the money—a million pounds—has been bequeathed to her.

The story moves on for twenty-five years, and finds Miss Fallowfield at Dinglewood Hall in the enjoyment of her fortune, most of which is spent in charity. Phoebe and her husband are dead, and their child Dagmar, now grown into a pretty young lady, lives with her aunt, from whom she has expectations of one hundred thousand pounds. The problem at Dinglewood—discussed with much shrewd wisdom at the weekly Dorcas meeting—is the appointment of a new vicar. Miss Fallowfield, who holds the patronage of the living, at first favours the Rev. Theophilus Sprott, but Dagmar declares for somebody "young and good-looking and nice." The Rev. Theophilus is the son of Mr. Timothy Sprott, head clerk to Messrs. Duncan and Somers, Miss Fallowfield's lawyers, and Timothy, inspired thereto by his pushful wife, puts in a good word with his employer on behalf of his son. But at a dinner at Dinglewood Hall the Rev. Theophilus shows such a spirit of narrow-minded intolerance that Miss Fallowfield dismisses him as a possible new vicar, and under the advice of the Bishop of Merchester appoints the Rev. Luke Forrester to the vacant living. The new incumbent, a widower of some fifty years, has the rare quality of unworldliness. With him comes his son Claude, a young man of twenty-three, architect by profession, and imbued to the finger-tips with the love of beauty and a truly religious instinct.

Between Dagmar and Claude a tender feeling grows up, much to the annoyance of Mr. Octavius Rainbrow, art critic of *The Morning Sun*. He proposes marriage to Dagmar, who treats him in playful fashion, and when pressed for her reason for refusal says that it is "the shape of your nose." Meanwhile the new vicar and Miss Fallowfield are attracted to one another, and to the wonder of their own relatives and the parish at large they become engaged.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

AS the time for her wedding drew near, Miss Fallowfield was sorely exercised as to the distribution of her property. She knew that her marriage would involve the drafting of some sort of a will; but what kind of a will that was to be she failed now as ever to make up her mind.

She still intended—after making ample provision for her husband and her niece—to leave the greater part of her vast fortune to charity; but she could not even yet decide the precise charity or charities that she should select for her benefactions.

She longest to discuss the subject fully with Mr. Forrester and be guided by his counsel, as she felt that in a matter of that kind she could find no more competent guide than he; but he told her plainly that he should not feel himself justified in offering advice upon so important a question without deep and lengthy consideration; and just now—in the full rush of all his Lenten duties, and with his marriage immediately after Easter to be arranged and prepared for—he really had not time to give his mind to anything else. Therefore, if she wanted his guidance in the matter, it must stand over until after their wedding,

when they would have the leisure and the opportunity to discuss it in full.

The vicar wished her to postpone making any will at all until together they had arrived at a final decision as to the channels whereby her fortune should eventually benefit her fellow-creatures; but Mr. Duncan—who was always a gentleman, even if a disappointed one—showed her that such a course would be extremely unfair to her future husband, as there was generally some difficulty and unpleasantness as to the disposal of the property of those who died intestate. If she left no will at all, and her enormous fortune went to her husband as her heir-at-law, other claimants—in the persons of distant relations of herself or of the Wilsons—would very likely turn up and try to make things disagreeable for him, and might even go to the length of suggesting that she had made a will, and that he had made away with it. While if, on the other hand, she disposed of her own property herself, nobody could ever dispute that disposal. Mr. Duncan knew the seamy side of human nature, and he realised how very unpleasant it could be for any man—and most of all for a clergyman—to be exposed to such remarks as were sure to be made if he came into a million of money at the death of an intestate wife. Therefore the lawyer insisted upon some sort of a will being drawn

up before Miss Fallowfield's marriage, and signed immediately after; so that, whatever was done with the money, it would be her own doing, and not her husband's.

But what sort of a will was it to be, and where was the residue of the fortune to go after Mr. Forrester had been amply provided for? They were back again at the old *impasse*.

At last Mr. Duncan suggested a solution of the difficulty. He proposed that Miss Fallowfield should make a temporary will, bequeathing everything—except the settlement upon her niece—to her husband, and leaving him to dispose of it as he thought right; for by that time Mr. Duncan had seen enough of the vicar to feel sure that the interests of charity would be quite safe in his hands, and that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Forrester was far more competent to dispose of Miss Fallowfield's fortune for the benefit of mankind than was Miss Fallowfield herself. Then, Mr. Duncan continued, after they had been on their honeymoon and had had plenty of time to discuss freely the matter, Mrs. Forrester could make a new and exhaustive will, in accordance with her husband's counsel and advice.

This course Miss Fallowfield finally decided to pursue, and so the matter was settled for the time being. Had the astute Mr. Duncan known the trouble and expense and general confusion to which his apparently sensible suggestion would lead, he would have bitten his tongue out before making it. But, unfortunately for everybody concerned, he had no premonition as to the results of the course he proposed.

The date fixed for the wedding drew near, and many were the plans that had to be made and broken and made up again differently; for Miss Fallowfield had been a single woman far too long to be able to abide by a plan when once it had been settled upon.

There is an old saying that women's promises are made to be broken. That we may be permitted to doubt; but whatever women's promises may be, the remark certainly applies to women's plans, unless the woman is sufficiently young or sufficiently married to be in some sort of subjection to a masculine and law-abiding mind.

At last it was decided that the newly-wedded pair should spend their honeymoon in taking a trip to Australia, in order to visit a great exhibition that was being held that year in Sydney, as shows of that kind had always a very great attraction for Charlotte. Strange to say, after they had made all their arrangements they discovered that Octavius Rainbrow had taken his passage in the same ship, the *Euroclydon*. The fact was that this young gentleman had felt the refusal of Dagmar Silverthorne more than any woman would have given him credit

for. He felt it so much that his health had suffered in consequence; and *The Morning Sunset*, having deputed him to go as the representative of that organ to the Sydney Exhibition, his uncle had offered to extend his stay in Australia in order that Octavius might forget his woes in a complete change of scene.

The middle-aged lovers were far too sensible to resent the young critic's involuntary intrusion into their honeymoon. On the contrary, Miss Fallowfield was rather glad of the opportunity of showing kindness to a relation of Mr. Duncan's, for she was enough of a woman to be quite conscious of her solicitor's feelings with regard to her approaching marriage, and to pity him accordingly. And when once a woman begins to pity a man for not having got what he wanted, she will never rest till she has given him something which he never wanted at all. It is the feminine idea of justice.

Further it was arranged that while the vicar and his bride were on their honeymoon, Miss Perkins—who had retired from her school on a comfortable competency—should come to Dinglewood Hall to take care of Dagmar until their return. After that, the girl was to live on with her aunt as she had done heretofore, and the vicar of course was to make his home at the hall also; but Claude was to remain at the vicarage, and there carry on his profession, provided that there proved to be enough occupation for a rising young architect in those parts. Also the vicarage was still to be used for certain of Mr. Forrester's meetings and classes, in order to save the villagers the walk through the park up to the hall. For the church, with its tapering spire, and the vicarage under the shadow of it, stood right in the heart of the village close to the old Roman road; and the quaint old lych-gates opened straight on to that great thoroughfare which had been a highway even before the foundations of the fourteenth-century church were laid.

"I do not altogether approve of that young man being alone at the vicarage after his father has hung up his hat at the hall," remarked Mrs. Sprott in the bosom of her family: "young men who live alone are so apt to get into mischief."

"I have lived alone for many years, and I have never got into mischief," said Theophilus, in a tone which implied that he very much wished he had.

"No, Theophilus," replied his mother; "but you had my early training to support you under temptation, and to brace you for the fight."

"All the same, mother, the temptations were never to anything worse than grumbling and bad temper, and the fight was never against anything more deadly than tough meat and an irate landlady. I could have wished for foe-

men worthier of my steel, but it was ordained otherwise."

"And how thankful you ought to be that it was," added Mrs. Sprott. But Theophilus was not at all thankful, and did not pretend to be.

"Well, whoever lives to see it, evil will come of this marriage," said Mrs. Sprott. "Ever since Mr. Forrester was appointed vicar of Dinglewood I've known that there was trouble in the air. People cannot deliberately do wrong and yet go unpunished."

"But I do not exactly see where the wrong-doing comes in, Susanna," suggested Mr. Sprott timidly. "There is nothing wrong in getting married—quite the reverse. In fact the law does everything to encourage matrimony, and permits nothing which interferes with it. And I am sure no one has more cause to speak well of the holy estate than I, my love," he added by way of conciliation, having caught sight of a threatening gleam in his Susanna's eye.

But the gleam was not extinguished by this simple ruse. "And did you marry me when I was close on fifty and had a million of money, I should like to know?"

"No, no, my love, certainly not."

"It might have been better for me if you had," Theophilus hinted darkly; but his mother ignored him and went on—

"There is no wrong-doing in getting married, Timothy, given, of course, that the man chooses the right woman. But where the wrong-doing comes in is when people with grave responsibilities trail those responsibilities in the dust, and prove themselves unworthy to wield the power which Providence has entrusted into their hands." Which was Mrs. Sprott's poetical way of expressing her belief that Miss Fallowfield had sinned against light in not entrusting the living of Dinglewood to Theophilus.

"My dear mother, why persist in blaming Miss Fallowfield for what was really decreed by Fate? Do you suppose that a mere woman had any power to change the current of my ill-fortune? She was merely a tool in the hand of some unseen force which has thought fit to compass my undoing. Nay, mother, rather blame yourself for having brought such an unlucky being into the world."

"It is too late in the day to begin blaming myself for that," retorted Mrs. Sprott with some show of reason. "You should have mentioned that forty years ago, Theophilus." Here, however, her sweet reasonableness failed her for the moment, as forty years ago Theophilus could not talk.

"I expect Miss Fallowfield will leave all her money to that man and his son, eh, Timothy?" Mrs. Sprott continued.

"My love, my love, remember, I am not in a position to give you any information upon that subject," replied Mr. Sprott. Which he certainly was not, as he did not possess any to give. He had assisted in the drawing up of Miss Fallowfield's settlement, whereby, with the exception of Dagmar's hundred thousand pounds, and a moderate fifty thousand upon Mr. Forrester, all that lady's large fortune was settled upon herself. But the conditions of Miss Fallowfield's will the head of the firm had seen fit to keep to himself.

"Surely it is your duty to tell your wife everything, Timothy."

"Not professional secrets, my love; certainly not professional secrets." The surest way of keeping a secret is not to know it. This safeguard was Mr. Sprott's.

"It is a fatal error to tell a woman anything," remarked Theophilus.

"Not at all," retorted his mother with some heat. "In my opinion there should be no reserves between husband and wife."

"If there are, they are the sort of reserves that are generally called out in the time of war," said Mr. Sprott, rubbing his hands together with pleasure at his little joke.

But the joke fell upon stony ground, as poor Timothy's little jokes usually did. Susanna and her son were neither provocative nor receptive of wit—were neither witty themselves, nor the cause of wit in others. Yet Mr. Sprott never failed to get in a joke wherever he saw what he considered an opening for one.

"Whenever a man refuses to let his wife know what he is doing or thinking, it invariably means that he is doing or thinking something that he is fully aware she would not approve of," remarked Mrs. Sprott with some wisdom.

"It more often means that he is fully aware that, if he did tell her, she would be incapable of keeping it to herself," argued Theophilus.

"She could keep it to herself fast enough if she wanted to," his mother snapped back at him.

"Then, my dear mother, if women possess that power, why do they never exercise it? If you will excuse my saying so, I consider that your want of reserve in showing that you considered me the proper and most suitable man for Dinglewood, militated to a great extent against my appointment."

"Well I never! Of all the ungrateful—" began Mrs. Sprott; but her son interrupted her—

"I consider that in this case you were the instrument employed by a malignant Fate to my undoing. Miss Fallowfield must have had some reason for not doing the right and obvious thing; and she could not possibly have had any



"No: it had better remain here. Claude will like to have it"—p. 486.

objection to me personally; therefore I conclude that something occurred to prejudice her against me, and I can think of nothing but your too out-poken wishes on my behalf."

Here Mr. Sprott endeavoured to smooth matters over. "Come, come, Theophilus, you are mistaken there, I am sure. A mother's ambition on behalf of her son cannot ever be anything but a beautiful and ennobling spectacle."

"Not if it is carried to such an extent that it becomes a source of destruction," Theophilus was not to be gainsaid.

But his mother knew better than to argue with him. She wisely changed the subject. "The question is, whom will Miss Fallowfield leave all her money to now that she is married? I doubt not that that young Forrester will eventually get the lion's share."

"Fortunate young man to have a wealthy stepmother!" exclaimed Theophilus, in a tone of voice which conveyed the impression that it was entirely the fault of Providence that he himself was not similarly blessed. As indeed it was.

"Well, anyhow, I did my duty in the matter," said Mr. Sprott. "I spoke plainly to Mr. Duncan, and told him that in my opinion, at any rate, the lady's fortune should be settled upon herself, so that during her lifetime neither her husband nor his heirs could meddle with it." Mr. Sprott had done nothing of the kind. The head of the firm had said very much the same thing to him, and he had meekly acquiesced. But this was his idea of repeating a conversation *verbatim*.

As a matter of fact it was the bridegroom himself who had insisted upon this settlement, backed up by Mr. Duncan. Although, owing to the Married Women's Property Act, her husband could not touch Miss Fallowfield's fortune without her consent, the vicar wished it put out of even her own power to impoverish herself for him or for anyone else during her lifetime. Mr. Forrester did not care an atom for his wife's wealth. He never thought about it unless it was brought directly under his notice; but when it was, he desired to make it plain to her and to everybody else concerned that he was marrying her for love and not for money.

As the time of the marriage approached, and as her attachment to Luke Forrester increased, Charlotte's jealousy of her predecessor grew stronger and stronger. She was incapable of ever being absolutely happy—some natures are—but she might have selected a grievance which adequately fulfilled its nature of a grievance and yet was not the obsession which her jealousy was fast becoming. The more she learned to know and reverence the almost ideal

character of the man who was to be her husband, the more did she hate the memory of the woman who had been his first love; and the happier she grew in the knowledge of all that Luke Forrester was to her, the more did she allow this hatred to fling its shadow over her happiness. Latterly she could hardly bear to look at the splendid picture in the dining-room at the vicarage, so bitterly did she resent its beauty and charm. Sometimes she had wondered why the portrait hung in the dining-room and not in the vicar's study; but she had decided in her own mind that this was but another proof of her lover's absolute unselfishness of character—he wished Claude to share with him the pleasure of seeing constantly that lovely and beloved face.

"I suppose you will want to take that picture up with you to the hall," she said to Mr. Forrester, when he and she were busy at the vicarage planning what furniture was to be removed and what was to remain. And try as she would, she could not hide the bitterness in her voice.

The vicar gazed at the portrait for a moment in silence. "No, I think not," he replied slowly.

Charlotte looked surprised. "Not take it with you?"

"No; it had better remain here. Claude will like to have it."

For a moment Charlotte's jealousy of the mother was turned against the son. How Luke must love his boy, she thought, if he could even give his dead wife's picture up to him! The next instant she was ashamed of this passing feeling; but it had been there all the same.

It is vain to imagine that we can indulge in any particular sin of thought or action, and that the matter will stop there. If we open the door to the devil, with the idea that he will enter in and then quietly confine himself to the apartments we have allotted to him, leaving the rest of the house free, we shall find ourselves woefully mistaken; he will penetrate the place from top to bottom when once he has set his cloven hoof inside. We cannot wilfully sin in one point, and yet keep the rest of our characters pure, for the sin will gradually eat into everything, until not a single thought or feeling or quality remains untainted. He that is guilty in one point is guilty in all, for the guilt infects everything with which it is brought into contact. We are very fond of saying to ourselves, "I know that I indulge in this one particular form of wrongdoing, but in all other relations of life, thank heaven! I am free from blame," while we might just as well say, "I admit that I am suffering from scarlet fever and that my feet are infectious; but anybody can shake hands with me with impunity."

Would the latter reply satisfy a medical officer? Then still less will the former one justify us before a Higher Tribunal.

Thus Charlotte Fallowfield's jealousy of the first Mrs. Forrester was gradually eating into her character and permeating all her thoughts, and was threatening to warp her whole nature if she did not take care.

But all she said was: "You are very good to Claude."

"I try to be; I am all that he has, poor boy! But I do not know that this is a special sign of my goodness to him, Charlotte."

"I think it is a very special sign," retorted Miss Fallowfield, "to give up to him the portrait of the wife whom you adored! I don't see what could well be kinder."

The vicar's face grew sad. "You do not quite understand, Charlotte, and I want to make you understand."

"Oh! I understand well enough," replied Miss Fallowfield with an unpleasant laugh. "There is nothing so very incomprehensible in a man's devotion to the wife of his youth and to his only child. The world is full of similar cases." She hated herself for being so disagreeable, and yet her jealousy goaded her on. She knew well enough that nothing slays love so surely as a bitter tongue, yet she could not for the life of her put a curb on her own. Thus does the demon of jealousy drive its victims to their destruction.

But her lover took no apparent notice of her ill-temper. "You do not know the whole story of my married life, Charlotte, and I wish you to know it. There should be no secrets between husband and wife."

"Still I cannot see that your married life with another woman is any business of mine."

"But it is," replied Mr. Forrester with unshaken patience. "Everything that has to do with me is your business, just as everything that has to do with you is mine."

Charlotte shrugged her shoulders and prepared to listen to her lover's rhapsodies over his former wife. But the expression of her face was not pleasant to look upon.

"My first marriage was a mistake," he said slowly—"a hopeless and terrible mistake. I have never confessed as much to anybody before, but I consider that you have a right to know everything about me—even those things that I would rather not tell."

"A mistake? Your marriage a mistake?" gasped Charlotte. "I do not understand."

"There is not much to understand, Charlotte," replied Mr. Forrester sorrowfully. "It is by no means an uncommon experience. I fell in love with a beautiful face, believing that the soul was as fair as the body that it inhabited; but I soon realised my error. My poor

wife was not a bad woman, in the accepted sense of the word, but she was utterly selfish and shallow and worldly and frivolous—the worst kind of wife possible for a parish priest."

"And she did not help you in your work?"

"Help me? She hindered and thwarted me in every way she could, and prided herself upon so doing. After I was married I learned that she had never loved me, but had merely married me for the sake of a home, as she could not get on with her stepmother, and so was compelled to leave her father's house and seek shelter elsewhere. After a time I irritated her so much that everything I said or did was a cause of offence to her, and she seemed to set herself to see if she could break my heart. I sometimes think that she succeeded."

Mr. Forrester's face was so sad that Charlotte longed to take him in her arms and comfort him; but shame held her back. What right had she, with her contemptible and utterly unjustifiable jealousy, to offer consolation to one of the saints of the earth?

"During her life my home was a very wretched one, and the shadow of that misery has been upon my spirit ever since. I tried my utmost to make her happy; but that was impossible, since my very presence and existence were a constant annoyance to her. Sometimes I thought of disappearing out of her life altogether and leaving her in peace; but things are not altogether easy for a beautiful and flighty young woman who is separated from her husband; and, after all, she was the woman whom I had sworn to love and cherish. And then there was Claude. A man may not shirk his responsibilities simply because they have become irksome to him."

"Does Claude know that you were not happy together?"

"No. Nobody knew but she and I, and now you. Nobody else had a right to know. And at the time of her death the child was too young to have noticed anything."

"And you never told him?"

Mr. Forrester passed his hand over his forehead as if in weariness or perplexity. "No. In looking back I am not sure that I did right; but at the time it seemed to me that even if the boy had lost his mother in one sense, he need not lose her in another, and I decided that he should not lose her twice over. Though the actual mother had gone, the ideal mother should remain to be a guide and an inspiration to him all his life. There is nothing so sacred to a man as the memory of a good mother, and I had not the heart to take that source of comfort away from my motherless boy."

"Oh! you did right, quite right," exclaimed Charlotte, her face now aglow with enthusiasm and love.

But the vicar shook his head. "I am not sure. I think, perhaps, it is always better to tell the truth at all costs, whatever the risks may be; but at that time I believed that I was doing the best thing for Claude in telling him much fictitious good of his mother, and in letting her become the ideal of perfect womanhood to his youthful mind. For there is nothing so bad for a man's character as to think evil of his mother. She should always remain sacred to him, whatever else may go. A man may think evil of his wife and be none the worse for it spiritually; he may know of her wrong-doing, and yet find himself and his love for her unchanged. But I do not believe that any man can know of his mother's wrong-doing without being in some way the worse for it—without losing something which nothing can ever bring back. And therefore it is incumbent upon women who are called to the sacred office of motherhood to be careful not to fall short of the mark of their high calling. Like the ministers of God, if they do so, they are guilty of sacrilege as well as of sin."

"I am quite certain that you did right," Charlotte repeated.

The vicar sighed deeply. "I hope I did; anyway, I did it for the best. But I sometimes fear that I shall be counted among them that say, 'Let us do evil that good may come,' and in this shall be judged as a sinner."

CHAPTER IX.

MANY WATERS.

LUKE FORRESTER and Charlotte Fallowfield were duly married after Easter, at that little sanctuary hidden away in one of the narrow streets leading from the Thames to the Strand—that sanctuary which was once the private chapel to a great palace, and is now all that remains of the noble pile raised by an Italian prince on the river bank, and made beautiful by him in order that he might therein forget his banishment from the sunny skies of Italy—the Chapel Royal of the Savoy.

After the quietest of weddings the newly-married pair started off on their journey to the Antipodes; and Claude and Dagmar—suitably chaperoned by the latter's ex-schoolmistress, Miss Perkins—returned to Dinglewood, there to possess their souls in patience until the bride and bridegroom should come home again.

Telegrams and letters duly announced Mr. and Mrs. Forrester's progress from one port to another, which missives occasioned much intercourse between the hall and the vicarage. Whenever Dagmar heard from her aunt, she felt it incumbent upon her to show the letter to Claude without any unnecessary delay; and he

felt just the same towards Dagmar whenever he received a communication from his father. Having once formed this conception of their duty to each other, it was beautiful to see how set these two young persons were upon amply fulfilling it. Even in the minds of those on-lookers who considered the idea itself a somewhat exaggerated one, the young couple's perseverance in carrying it out could not fail to excite approval and admiration. It is always pleasing to see devotion to duty displayed on the part of the young.

And naturally the conversation of Miss Silverthorne and Mr. Forrester, Junior, did not confine itself to the news of their wandering relations. They discussed—as they had discussed heretofore—every subject under the sun, unadulterated—in the splendid confidence of youth—by any chance ignorance of the matter in hand, which might have hampered more mature conversationalists.

Architecture was one of their favourite themes; that is to say, it was Claude's favourite, and Dagmar, like a true woman, fell in with his mood. The woman who talks to a man about what interests her rather than what interests him, is either a born old maid or else supremely happily married.

"Of all the arts, I consider architecture the highest, because it is the one most closely allied to religious faith." It was Claude who spoke.

"Oh! I don't agree with you." Dagmar would hardly have been Dagmar if she had. "Think of music and painting, and all the Madonnas and oratorios; they are quite as sacred in their way as abbeys and minsters—smaller, of course, but quite as religious."

"Nevertheless you will find, if you study the subject, that the ages of architecture have been the ages of faith, and that as soon as faith grew dim, architecture became debased. Faith was a living force in the Middle Ages; and look at the minsters and cathedrals of that day! At the present time faith is not much more than a dead letter, and now we can hardly build, decently, a parish church."

"I must allow that new churches aren't to be compared with old ones for looks," Dagmar deigned to admit, "though I don't think they are quite so draughty."

"They are not to be compared with old ones, because the faith of to-day is dim compared with the faith of yesterday. Of all the arts architecture is the one in which, metaphorically speaking, it is most necessary for the artist to work on his knees. Temples made with hands must be temples indeed, or else they sink to the level of concert halls and public libraries."

"A good many London churches look just like concert halls. I mean those carpeted, drawing-roomy churches, that never seem quite



"Dagmar looked very sweet and childish in her new mourning as she received Mr. Duncan"—p. 490.

the thing for Sunday use. Now St. George's, Hanover Square, is just the place for weddings, but I don't think it would be at all suitable for a really religious service," said Dagmar with quite unconscious irony.

"You mean the Georgian churches, which were built when religion was at a lower ebb than it even is to-day. Which just proves my point. Faith was at its darkest in the eighteenth century, and architecture at its worst at that time. Since the Evangelical Revival and the Tractarian Movement, faith has again revived, and, consequently, architecture has improved; but as yet we are, alas! far from the simple belief and the glorious architecture of the pre-Reformation era!" And Claude sighed as he thought of the days that were no more.

For the first few weeks after Miss Fallowfield's wedding, life at Dinglewood went on in a pleasing and peaceful fashion, enlivened by accounts of how the travellers fared; for after Claude and Dagmar had duly devoured the epistles from foreign parts, those documents were read aloud at the weekly sewing-parties, in order that the sober and godly matrons of the parish might have their minds enlarged by their vicar's experiences. But after a time these communications suddenly ceased. At first neither Mr. Duncan nor the young people felt any anxiety upon the matter; but as the days passed by without bringing any further news of the wayfarers, they began to grow alarmed. Then their anxiety was increased by the public notification that the *Euroclydon* had not touched at any port, nor been sighted by any other vessel, since she left Colombo. And, finally, Mr. Duncan had to ride over to Dinglewood and break to the two young people the sad news that a merchant ship had discovered the wreck of the *Euroclydon* floating about in the Indian Ocean, with no sign of life upon her. She had evidently been capsized by one of the sudden and violent tropical storms which infest those seas, and all on board had perished.

At first Dagmar was utterly prostrated by the blow; and Claude did not fare much better. But after a few days the glorious vitality and elasticity of youth asserted themselves, and the two were able to see Mr. Duncan with regard to their business affairs—which just now were highly startling and important.

Dagmar looked very sweet and childish in her new mourning as she received Mr. Duncan; and Claude's handsome face was white and drawn. There was something rather touching and pathetic in the sight of the two young creatures left so utterly alone and with such grave responsibilities crowding upon them; and the kindly heart, which Mr. Duncan kept concealed under a somewhat stiff and stately man-

ner, softened to them at once. He made up his mind that henceforward he would do all in his power to help them both in the difficult path which was opening out before their inexperienced feet.

But perhaps the one who was most altered by the shock was Mr. Duncan himself. His imposing figure seemed to have shrunk and grown shorter, and some of the keenness had faded out of his grey eyes. In his way the lawyer had been very fond of his nephew, and had intended to make Octavius his heir, so that he felt the young man's death as a real sorrow. And he also considered himself in a way responsible for it, as it was he who had urged Octavius to take the trip, and had provided him with funds to extend it. Moreover, Mr. Duncan had loved Charlotte Fallowfield ever since the far-off days when she first came to him and asked him to help her in the management of her newly-acquired fortune; and the fact that he had never loved her quite as much as he loved himself (otherwise he would have put his tale-ride in his pocket and married her), did not prevent his having loved her a good deal. Although he would not ask Miss Fallowfield to be his wife, she had been for many years now his closest and dearest friend; and it is hard to lose friends when one gets to Mr. Duncan's age, and still harder to replace them.

We all learn as we get older that the manufacture of new friends grows less and less easy as the years roll on. We still make them now and again, but not as we made them in our teens and twenties, when the doing thereof was but as child's-play. It has become uphill work. With a great sum of tact and trouble, and sympathy and effort we nowadays obtain the freedom of friendship; but the friends of our youth were free-born. A considerable and exaggerated amount of sentimental nonsense is floating about the world with regard to first love and the like; but there is something in it after all. And what applies to first love applies still more to first friendships—to those delightful and unbreakable ties which we form before there "passed away a glory from the earth," and things "faded into the light of common day." There is, and always must be, a certain glamour about Love, wherever and whenever we may happen to meet him. Even though we ourselves be old and weary, we shall still catch something of his atmosphere of eternal youth; although it is doubtful whether the fairy princes will be quite so fairylike, or the sleeping beauties quite so fair, if we meet them upon the western slopes after we have crossed the brow of the hill, as they would have been had they greeted us on our upward way in the rosy light of the morning. But about friendships made in middle-life

there is no glamour at all. Esteem there may be, and affection and confidence and sympathy, but there is none of that silvery halo and that golden haze which enveloped the friendships of earlier days. It is when we can say to them "Do you remember?" that we prize our friends the most.

Therefore the fact that the friendly bond between Reginald Duncan and Charlotte Fallowfield had been formed when they were both still on the sunny side of thirty, made the death of Mrs. Forrester an irreparable loss to Mr. Duncan. To him she was still the clever and handsome and somewhat discontented girl who had come to him for wise counsel and guidance; just as to her he had never been anything else but the stately and courteous and competent young lawyer, who was sensible enough to fall in love with her, but not quite sensible enough to tell her so.

Of the three people gathered together in the cheerful morning-room of the hall—that room where Charlotte Fallowfield had so often entertained her friends with excellent tea and still more excellent conversation—the one most in need of comfort and yet the least likely to receive it was Mr. Duncan. The room was so full of memories of Charlotte that he could hardly bear to remain in it: every picture and every piece of furniture seemed to bring him some sort of message from her. For Miss Fallowfield had been abundantly endowed with the quality called personality. She might sometimes have been discontented, but she was never dull; and it is the people who are never dull that leave the most yawning gaps behind them when they pass on from this stage of existence to another. Even though Dagmar was still there in the plenitude of her youth and beauty, Dinglewood Hall seemed empty without Charlotte's vigorous presence. As long as she was in it, the big house was full and cheerful enough; but the mistress being dead and gone, every room appeared vacant and deserted.

"I have come to talk over some business with you both," said Mr. Duncan, when the three were seated, and Dagmar had wept her little weep at seeing him. "They are very important matters, and cannot be allowed to stand over any longer."

"I'm glad you've come," said Dagmar, with a sob. "You can tell us what to do. I can never do anything without being told; and now that Aunt Charlotte is gone I don't know who is to tell me."

"I cannot tell you what to do, my dear child. You are of age, and so must settle that for yourself. But I shall always be ready and willing to give both to you and to Forrester here any help or advice in my power."

"Thank you, sir," replied Claude, while Dagmar mopped her eyes.

Mr. Duncan cleared his throat, and went on: "I must first explain matters a little. You will probably know, Miss Dagmar, that your aunt could never quite make up her mind how to dispose of her large property. She had not yet done so at the time of her marriage. So, acting under my advice, she made a temporary will, leaving everything to her husband."

"What is a tem-temporary will?" asked Dagmar, with a little catch in her voice.

"It is a will which is not intended to stand permanently, but is merely made to bridge over the interval while another and a lasting will is in course of preparation. Your aunt intended to talk over the question fully with her husband, and then, on her return home, to make a will disposing, as he and she agreed was right, of her vast fortune. In the meantime she made a short will leaving everything to him; so that, in case anything happened to her before she made her further will, she could give him her instructions as to how finally to dispose of the property. I think I may say," added Mr. Duncan, turning to Claude, "that this proves what a very high opinion I entertained of your lamented father. I knew that the slightest wish expressed by his wife would be as binding upon him as an Act of Parliament, even though so large a sum of money was at stake. He was one of the few men I have met in my life whom I trusted absolutely."

Claude's eyes filled with tears, but he could not speak.

"But I never foresaw," Mr. Duncan continued, "such a catastrophe as this which has happened. Otherwise I should naturally have offered very different counsel."

"Why?" asked Dagmar. "I don't see that Mr. Forrester being dead makes him any the less trustworthy."

"Of course not, my dear young lady—who suggested such a thing? But the difficulty is this: If Mrs. Forrester survived her husband, the will lapsed, and she practically died intestate; in which case all her property reverts to you as her next of kin: but if, on the other hand, Mr. Forrester survived his wife, the property became his, and now goes to his son and heir-at-law. And the question is, which of the two died first?"

"But they both died at the same time," argued Dagmar.

"Practically so, my dear child, but hardly identically. And if one survived the other by a few minutes, that would alter the disposition of the property."

Claude rose from his seat. "But it would be absurd for the money to come to me, who was

nothing at all to Mrs. Forrester, and not to go to her own niece, who was like a daughter to her! I cannot see that the point admits of argument."

"But the law does, my dear Forrester; and by the law we must stand or fall."

"But supposing I decline to take the money, and insist on handing it over to Miss Silverthorne?"

"You can neither decline nor insist until it is yours. Then you can do what you like," replied Mr. Duncan.

"But surely I can resign my claim to it?"

"Not until you have a claim to resign; neither can you hand over to Miss Silverthorne what is legally her own. The question to be decided is, does the fortune belong by right to you or to her? When that is decided, you and she can settle the matter between you as to what becomes of it."

"Nothing would induce me to touch what I consider legally belongs to Miss Silverthorne," persisted Claude.

"If it does belong legally to Miss Silverthorne, nobody will ask you to touch it," replied Mr. Duncan quietly. "The question is, to whom does it legally belong? By the way, I ought to tell you that the hundred thousand pounds originally left to Miss Dagmar goes to her all right, and the marriage settlement was so worded that the fifty thousand settled upon your father comes to you. The difficulty is about the remaining eight hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"Well, whoever gets it, it will all have to be spent in charity. Aunt Charlotte always said it would," remarked Dagmar, thereby giving the first blow to Claude's determination not to accept the money.

"Will it?" he asked quickly, his face suddenly aglow; for across his mind there flashed the possibility that at last his most cherished day-dream might come true, and his fairest air-castle assume material form.

"Of course. I've heard Aunt Charlotte say hundreds and hundreds of times that she should leave every penny she had to charity, and that a hundred thousand pounds was all I must ever expect from her, because she didn't want me to be married for my money. And I might be, all the same, as that is quite a large fortune for a woman; but she couldn't bear to feel that I hadn't enough to make me as comfortable as when I was living with her." And Dagmar wept afresh at the memory of her aunt's thoughtful kindness.

"But I must make it clear to you both," explained Mr. Duncan, "that there is nothing in Mrs. Forrester's will to that effect; and a wish merely expressed in words has no legal standing. Therefore it is not binding upon either of

you that the majority of this fortune shall be devoted to charitable purposes. It will belong absolutely to the one of you which inherits it to do with it exactly as he or she may afterwards decide."

"Well, I don't think that's fair," exclaimed the girl. "Surely people can do what they like with their own!"

"Certainly, my dear young lady. That is what I am trying to explain to you."

"Then Aunt Charlotte had the right to give all her money to charity if she wanted to."

"Certainly she had, but she did not avail herself of that right. All the law has to do with is the will as it stands, and in it there is no mention of any legacies to charity."

"But surely Miss Silverthorne is right," said Claude; "and my stepmother's heir is bound to carry out my stepmother's wishes."

"Not unless he or she may choose to do so. There is nothing compulsory in the matter."

"I should consider myself so bound were I to succeed to the fortune," added Claude, wavering still more in his decision to hand the same over to Dagmar. Imagination works swiftly; and already his day-dreams were assuming a tangible shape.

"And so should I. I know exactly what I should spend it in. I've often built castles in the air of how I should lay out a fortune in charity if I'd one to lay."

"Oh! you can't have made up your mind already as to the best way in which to expend a fortune such as this," expostulated Claude, who had already made up his.

"Yes, I can. I've always had lovely schemes of how I could make hundreds and hundreds of people happy if only I'd heaps and heaps of money."

But here Mr. Duncan stayed the tide of argument. "It will be time to think and talk about how the money is to be spent when we know who will have the spending of it."

"And how will you find that out?" was Dagmar's pertinent question. "If nobody knows whether Aunt Charlotte or Mr. Forrester was drowned first, who is going to tell us? And besides, I believe that everybody in a wreck is so fussed that they don't really know themselves who is drowned first." And once more the girl began to sob at the picture which her words conjured up.

Mr. Duncan patted her hand kindly. "There, there, my dear; don't cry, don't cry. The matter will have to be tried before the Probate Court, and it will adjudicate the fortune as it finds the law directs in cases such as this. But whether, in the eye of the law, you or Forrester is the rightful heir, I have not the slightest idea. That only time will show."

[END OF CHAPTER NINE.]

Conversation Corner.

Conducted by THE EDITOR.

A Tripod Belfry.

THE church at Lagavulin, Islay, has a belfry of a curious and primitive kind. When the church was built no provision was made for a bell,



A CURIOUS CHURCH BELFRY.

so it was hung on a large wooden tripod on the top of an adjacent hill about 100 feet above the level of the church building. The belfry, which is the only one of its kind in Scotland, is used regularly every Sunday, the bell tolling the bell to summon the people of the parish to worship. In the accompanying photograph the white-washed walls of the church may be seen through the tripod posts.



Cow as a "Farm Implement."

IN the onward march of civilisation the work of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has contributed much to the improvement of humanity. So recently, comparatively, as 1794, in a case of atrocious cruelty to a cow, it was decided that animals had no right which the law could protect, and that the cow must be regarded as a farm implement! The vast reformative operations which have since taken place had their origin in an eloquent plea for preventing "malicious and wanton

cruelty to animals" delivered by Lord Erskine before the House of Lords in 1809. His speech was greeted with derision by his fellow Peers, and his Bill was finally thrown out, and it was not until 1822 that the first Act, introduced by Mr. Richard Martin, M.P., to "prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle" (which denied any rights to other animals) came into force.



Royal Supporters.

THE late Queen Victoria recognised the value of the Society's work. Two years before her accession she became a patron, and kept in close touch with it to the end of her glorious reign. In 1840, by her command, the Society was honoured with the prefix of "Royal." Following this splendid example, King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra are now the Society's principal patrons, while the Prince of Wales is president. Owing to its agency, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, badger-baiting and other sports of a barbarous age have been prohibited by law. In 1835 the Society

obtained an amendment of Martin's Act; in 1844 an amendment of the law for regulating knackers' yards; in 1854 an Act to make general the prohibition of dogs as beasts of burden; and quite recently it has been instrumental in obtaining a law whereby certain animals found by the police to be seriously injured may be destroyed. Besides the foregoing there is the Act of 1900, making it an offence to perpetrate cruelty to wild animals in captivity. There is also the enormous and responsible work of supervising and watching the steadily growing traffic in decrepit horses to the Continent, in which much cruelty takes place.



Princess Delivers Prizes.

THE educational work of the Society, which was greatly helped by the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, extends over England and Wales by means of its 400 Branches and Auxiliaries, and over the whole of Great Britain by its 500 Bands of Mercy. The latter movement is for the purpose of teaching children their duties towards animals, and its influence has now spread to all parts of the globe. Simple lessons in humanity and natural history are taught, and the members of



(Copyright photo.)

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES GIVING THE PRIZES FOR THE R.S.P.C.A. ESSAY COMPETITION, 1907.

each Band are invited to make a declaration that they will protect animals and prevent cruelty. Essay competitions and horse and donkey shows are arranged annually by many of the Branches, and the R.S.P.C.A. each year holds an Essay Competition for the schools within a radius of twenty miles from Charing Cross. On the last occasion (May, 1907), when the prizes and certificates were presented by the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Alexandra Palace, over three thousand prizes and certificates were awarded for the best essays out of a total of 274,699 sent in. On "Animal Sunday," the fourth after Trinity, the clergy of

Church Built from One Tree.

A CONGREGATION at Santa Rosa, California, rejoices in the fact that it worships in a church which has been built from a single redwood tree. The main building of the church is 80 feet long by 40 feet wide, and, in addition, there are: an audience room large enough to seat 400 persons, another room seating 90, a pastor's study, and the usual out-offices. Every bit of the church, even to the shingles on the roof, was made from the wood of a single tree, and yet when the edifice was completed there was an abundant store of timber left over. It has been estimated by scientific men that this

faces the book, which is by Mrs. Caroline Mann, with a cordial commendation.



Flowers and Texts.

[T] was a beautiful thought to spread the spread of God's Word in hospitals and infirmaries by means of bouquets of flowers to which texts of Scripture were attached. This is the work of the Bible Flower Mission, which day by day is cheering the lives of the afflicted and inspiring them with fresh fortitude to bear their illness. Only those who lie suffering know the power of a fresh voice or a bright face visiting them for a few minutes. Help is urgently wanted, and gifts of flowers and texts will be gladly received by the Secretary of the Bible Flower Mission at 111 Cannon Street, E.C. If any of our readers intend helping this admirable philanthropy, we may remind them that the following flowers are perhaps the most suitable:—Anemones, asters, carnations, candelabras, chrysanthemums, cowslips, daisies, dahlias, daffodils, everlasting, geraniums (scented), heliotrope, lavender, lilies of the valley, missouri, marigolds, Michaelmas daisies, narcissi, polyanthus, pansies, primroses, phloxes, pinks, roses, snowdrops, sweet williams, sweet peas, violets, and wallflowers.



Post-cards in Christian Work.

MR. COLFAX TULLAR, an evangelist of New York, has put into practical shape an idea he has long had for using the almost universal interest in picture post-cards in furthering Christian work. He has prepared a series of Gospel Song Souvenir Post-cards, covering a wide range of subjects. They are, of course, adapted to all the uses of the ordinary souvenir post-card, but with the message of the writer they also carry the Gospel message in some form. Some song titles as "Face to Face," "Nearer to the Cross," "He Did Not Die in Vain," "That Means Me," "Blessed Surrender," and "They that Wait upon the Lord," are suggestive of showing that they are indeed Gospel song cards. They are available in



(Photo: J. J. Ball.)

HADDISCOE BRIDGE.

Great Britain bring the subject of kindness to animals before the minds of their congregations.



A Curious Bridge.

HADDISCOE BRIDGE, of which we give a photograph, will remind most people of the Tower Bridge, as it divides in half to allow river traffic to pass, while when it is down heavy traffic can pass safely over it. The boat in the picture has stopped in order to allow passengers to land and visit Fritton Lake, one of the sights of the Broads near Lowestoft.

giant redwood tree was no fewer than 2,000 years old.



A Handbook on Missions.

A LITTLE book with the curious title of "The Rootlets of the Banyan" has been published by Mr. T. F. Downie (21, Warwick Lane, E.C.), for the purpose of helping people to interest the young in foreign missions. It gives a concise statement as to what has been, and is being, accomplished by young people all over the world. It contains also some excellent suggestions as to novel means of awakening interest in missionary efforts. Principal Oswald Dykes, D.D., pre-

the use of pastors, Bible school superintendents and teachers, and some of the titles are suitable for use as an Easter, Christmas, or birthday greeting.



A Library on Loan.

THE Women's Protestant Union is an organisation which is doing excellent work in keeping in the foreground the religious principles which have distinguished this country for the last three hundred years. Although

has an important mission to perform in these days when one great cause of Romish success in this land is undoubtedly the prevailing ignorance of Roman Catholic history in the past and her real teaching in the present day.

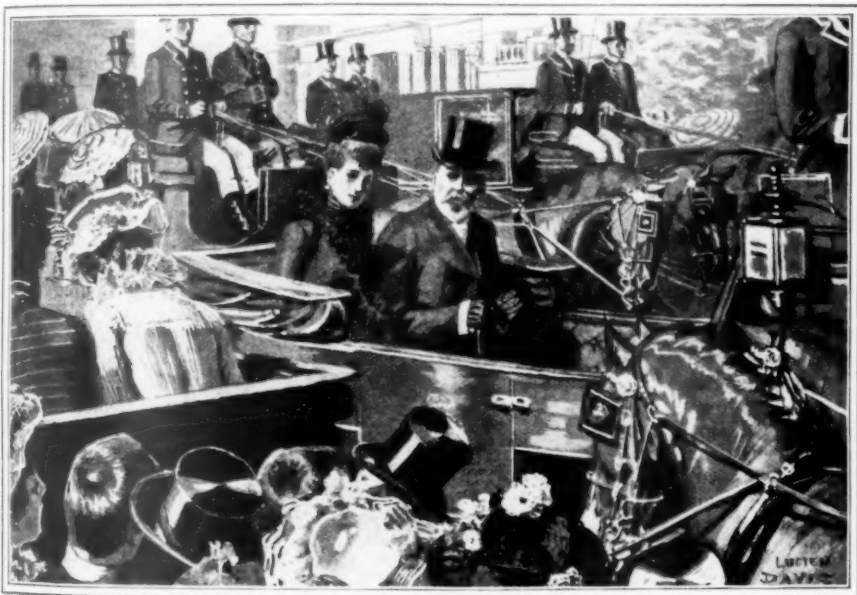


Our Oriental Brethren.

QUITE 20,000 Lascars from many parts of Asia visit the Port of London every year, in ships which discharge and take in their cargoes at

Welcome at Tilbury.

AT the Institute the swarthy visitors find their own religious and other books awaiting them, newspapers from India in their own languages, and correct information about the arrival and departure of ships from London and other ports. They can spend what time they please in reading the Koran, or the Bible, and afterwards have quiet talks with the Missionary. A lantern lecture on Sunday evening is in great favour among them.



THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING IN HYDE PARK.

(Drawn by Lucien Davis, R.I.)

too much importance must not be credited to the increase of the roll of members, it is satisfactory to note that the W.P.U. now numbers nearly 20,000 adherents in all classes of society. Its branches are to be found in most parts of the country. A special effort is made to train young people to value God's Holy Word and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. One method of work is to lend sets of six books for a certain period to schools, teachers of classes, or secretaries of branches, only asking that reasonable care be taken of the volumes and return postage paid. Such a library

Tilbury Docks. Most of them are Mohammedans from the Punjab and borders of Afghanistan, from the western coast of India, the Bombay Provinces, and Gujarat; also from Bengal, Zanzibar, Egypt, and the Persian Gulf also supply large numbers of men for work in the engine-rooms and stokeholes of the steamers. It was only to be expected that the Christian agencies in London would interest themselves in the spiritual welfare of these men, and a Mission Room and Institute has been opened for them nearly opposite the principal entrance to the dock.

Miss Sharman's Home.

READERS of "The Quiver" have been generously interested in Miss Sharman's Orphans' Home for several years, and they will be glad to hear that the work goes on with continued usefulness. Miss Charlotte Sharman has sent out her forty-first report, and mentions that she had at the time of writing about 350 children under her care. This work has been suffering from the deaths of well-known supporters, and all contributions sent to Miss Charlotte Sharman at The Orphans' Home, Austral Street, West Square, S.E., will be welcome.

The Exaltation of Womanhood in Christ.

A Sermon.

By the Right Rev. CECIL H. BOUTFLOWER, D.D., Bishop of Dorking.

"Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great things."—LUKE i. 48-49.

IN the privacy of Elizabeth's home the modest maid of Nazareth burst into this rapture of exultation in God. There is no self-glory in the whole of the *Magnificat*; it is full of God. All the rest of the song is borrowed more or less directly from the familiar Song of Hannah. In these two lines alone there is no word of quotation; and they were true of Mary as of no other before her.

But for those who came after, there was a sense in which Mary spoke, had she known it, as the mouthpiece of all womanhood.

For the exaltation of Mary by the favour of God in the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ goes along with another exaltation, to which we are so accustomed that we hardly stop to remember that the position of our British mothers and sisters to-day dates from the coming of Christ into the world.

Now, in order to realise how truly Christ has exalted womanhood, we need to remember—

(I.) The position of woman before Christ came.

(II.) The position of woman to this day in non-Christian lands.

That is the unfamiliar side of the contrast.

The other side, woman as Christ's coming has made her to be, we know. Yes, in many an English home where Christ is

scarcely confessed, there is yet high and tender reverence for the name of woman; but it is still Christ's doing. My business is to draw out the other, and to us the familiar, side of the contrast.

(I.) As to the position of woman at her best before Christ came, we know much from the plentiful literature of Greece and Rome.

I am very anxious not to exaggerate the case. There were, let me say at once, splendid and honoured women in Greece; and still more in Rome. But in most parts of Greece the women (if respectable) spent their life in a separate and retired part of the house, like the eastern women, though less rigorous. They might not be seen much abroad. The Roman women's position and influence were nobler, and it was the

strength and purity of its family life that had made Rome strong in its best days; but yet—in theory the Roman wife, the Roman mother, was not a "person" at all in the eye of the state; she was only a "property" like a slave, or a dog. She could not in her own right appear at law, and the law forbade her to inherit property. Some male patron must always do these things for her, for the law did not recognise her.

(You do not understand the point of Romans vii. till you remember this. What



Photo. E. and F. Pethering, Peterborough.

THE BISHOP OF DORKING.

the Roman daughter married, she passed over from the "property" of her father to that of her husband: when he died, to that of her son, or another. She did not rank as a "person" in her own right.)

Very different from the first had been the position of woman in the small despised nation of the Jews. Like us, the Jew was taught by the first chapter of Genesis: and the Old Testament shows us the power and position of a Sarah, a Miriam, a Deborah, or a Jezebel. But yet—there remain certain facts like these:—(1) That a study of the books of Moses (into which there is not now time to enter) shows that it was with the men that God's covenant was made; it was the males only that were "redeemed." The Jewish women seem only to have been within the covenant because they belonged to the men.

And (2) this fact:—That polygamy, though never blessed by God, was certainly allowed throughout the Old Testament and up to Christ's time. And to allow polygamy is to put the woman on a lower footing than the man.

And (3) this:—That in the Temple of Christ's time, though the women had a court of their own, within the outer court of the Gentiles, yet they themselves might never enter into the "Court of Israel" proper. There was a "wall of partition" that was only done away in Christ.

And (4) this:—That to this day devout Jews give thanks in formal prayers that they were not born a woman.

Such, in theory, was the status of woman in the nation most taught of God, till Christ came.

(II.) And now, what of the position of woman since Christ came, in *non-Christian lands*? And that you may not say that such position is the result simply of a low stage of civilisation, look at India, which has had our education for more than half a century now. And of that country I can speak with more knowledge than of most.

What do you find under Mahomedanism? It has been repeatedly asserted that Mahomedanism teaches that women have no souls; or, if they have, that they will perish like the brutes. This is in itself, I believe, an unfair exaggeration; but that Mahomedanism should give this impression to observers tells much of the practical position of its women. And it is true that Mahomed taught that women cannot attain the same heaven as men; and he declared that when he looked into hell he saw that the

greater part of the wretches there were women.

But the position of woman in India is the joint result of Mahomedanism and Hinduism. What is that position as a whole? There is a striking saying that "the daughters of India are unwelcomed at birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed when widowed, and unlamented when dead." There are exceptions, but generally that is true.

An Indian missionary pointed out to me how in a group of Indian children you may almost tell which are the boys and which are the girls by the brightness in the faces of the boys, and the comparative sadness or repression in the faces of the girls.

In body, in mind, and in spirit, Indian women are, so to say, *Prisoners*.

Prisoners in body, by reason of the tyrannous system of "purdah" or seclusion, which is, by force of public opinion, part of their respectability if their husbands can afford it. All down to about the lower middle class—that is, some forty million women in India—keep "purdah." At ten years old or before, a girl is betrothed, and from that date her school-days and liberty must cease. She is confined to the *zenana* till her marriage; and after it, if she goes to another house—which she rarely does—it is in a closely veiled chair.

Think what this means: no priest, no doctor, can she ever see, however great her need of soul or body; indeed, no man at all, except her own relatives. What is the use of a public church to the Indian woman, who would as soon appear in one as you would go and stand half-dressed in a thoroughfare? Christian and civilising influences cannot reach, cannot get at her by the ordinary means. You might fill India with clergymen, but if there were no *zenana* ladies, who alone can hope to visit them in their own houses, you would be little nearer to touching this population of forty million "purdah"-women, your fellow-subjects. This is why the Christianisation of India is said now to be blocked at *the home*. This is why it is said that four ladies are needed—have *you*, for one, considered this?—for every minister sent, before the work already done can become fruitful when the homes of India are reached.

In mind, too, they are prisoners. The mind of the grown-up Indian lady is a blank. Do you wonder? Generations of repression and seclusion have done it. Her remarks are childish and personal. The missionary

ladies who visit her can scarcely secure her interest beyond the material things of the zenana, her dress and ornaments, her cooking utensils, her small idols, and (if she be so happy) her baby son. For these things represent all her occupation. Furniture in the best zenanas there is hardly any. Pictures and objects of art there are none; she could not appreciate them, having no education. Books, of course, there are none. Only 1 in 330—and the greater proportion of these Christian women—could write at the 1891 census. And yet such as these, mind you, are the wives of well-educated Indian men, who share the work with my own brother in Government offices, and who read the Western newspapers at their clubs. And with these husbands, for whom they cook, the wife may eat only at the marriage feast, never afterwards. It is an unknown world in which the husband lives his life: how could a wife without a mind share it?

And *in spirit*—morally—the woman of India is a prisoner, too. We cannot, any of us, live above our ideals; and our sacred books tell us that we are sons and daughters of God. But the Shastras, the sacred books of the Hindu, tell her that "falsehood, cruelty, and bewitching folly; covetousness, impurity, and unmercifulness are woman's inseparable faults." (I am quoting.) She "can never act on her own responsibility"; "her sin is greater than that of man, and cannot be removed by the atonements which destroy his." (I am only quoting again.)

If you and I had such a gospel preached to us by the best authorities, depend upon it, we should "live down to it": our spirit would be in prison, too.

I think it is almost enough to tell you of India, or I could speak more of China. Suffice it to say that there, too, the life of the native woman is wonderfully and sadly like the life in India. This is the more strange because the religions of China, Buddhism and Confucianism, are quite different from those of India. But in China, too, the women live a separate life, in a kind of zenana—the apartments at the back of the house, and the dreariest. To this life the little bride-

elect is carried off, often in infancy, by her future mother-in-law; and it is improper for her to speak to a man. The terrible foot-binding of every little Chinese girl at six years old, till she can walk or totter on a shoe three inches in length, makes her still more a prisoner in body. "Does your husband beat you?" is quite a common question for the English lady visitor to be asked.

And the Chinese lady is a prisoner in mind also, for she has not been considered worth educating. Her life is like that of her Indian sister, only with the added help sometimes of the secret opium pipe.

And finally, Chinese Buddhism (if we may trust a book published five years ago) keeps woman a prisoner in spirit, too. Woman is spoken of as "moulded out of faults." There is no heaven for one so worthless as woman; her best hope is the possibility that after passing through eighteen purgatories she may be born on earth again as a boy.

Now what shall we say to all this? That it just shows the need of Western education and of civilisation? My friends, fifty years' experiment in India has proved that it is not civilisation that can restore to woman her true position, till the religion of Jesus Christ has opened the door. That, and that only, has done it before, and that will do it again.

As apostles and evangelists travelled about, they never spoke on women's rights; they never even in epistles discussed the emancipation of woman. But in preaching the Son of God born of the Virgin Mary, in proclaiming that in Him there could be no distinction, neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, they were sapping at its foundations the stronghold of degradation and prejudice. They preached their gospel and left it to work its own certain conclusions, as their humble successors in India and China are doing to-day; till every daughter of the Most High shall know her share in "the glorious liberty of the children of God," and take up the echo of the Virgin's song,

"He that is mighty hath done to me great things:
And holy is His name."

(It may be of interest to state that the Bishop of Dorking, the writer of the above sermon, has recently volunteered for service in the Mission Field.)



Gran's Little Girl.

A Complete Story.

By DORA POPPLESTONE.

EVERY trifling incident connected with that night stands out as clearly in my memory, after all these years, as though it happened but yesterday—the night my little girl came to me.

I remember how the rain drops pattered on the window pane, and held fairy dances in the puddles that lay in the road, and how the few passers-by hurried along beneath dripping umbrellas.

I had already brought down from the attic the old wooden cradle, and placed it in a cosy nook beside the fire. I had smoothed the white bed in it, and patted the soft pillow quite a dozen times, with hardly a pang in my breast for the little bairn of my own who had last lain there. I had wept away all my tears for him, and now God had taken pity on me and was sending my little girl. That very night she was coming. Over and over like a chime of bells, rang the music: My little girl is coming!

She was nothing to me, this baby—but what did that matter to a childless mother, with a great hollow within her heart, that only a baby could fill? My arms had been empty since the little feet, so soon grown weary of life's rough way, had left me to tread the golden floors above.

I peeped through the window, anxiously scanning the wet road in the waning light.

Jack laughed mercilessly at my restlessness. Then a cab turned the corner, and I knew my little girl had come. The driver pulled up at our door, and a gentleman got out of the vehicle, bearing in his arms a white bundle, enveloped in a fleecy shawl.

That was how my little girl was brought to me.

Afterwards, as one in a dream, I heard Jack making various arrangements with the stranger concerning the child's welfare, but what cared I about mere money payments? I would serve her for love—poor little baby; had she not lost her own mother? Even now the rain drops were falling on the young wife's new-made grave, but baby was going to be my own now—in place of the one the angels had taken away.

With eager hands I unrolled the shawl, and

laid the little soft being on my knee. The firelight flickered on her tiny face, while she opened her blue eyes, and solemnly blinked at me. Ah! little girl, you found the pathway straight to my heart at that very moment—maybe the other little feet had trodden it so well that you could not mistake the track—but I know I loved you then with a love that has never faltered, only grown deeper and more steadfast with the passing years!

"Just look at her lovely little hands, Jack," I said. "Aren't they like two pink rosebuds?" But, manlike, Jack only laughed at my raptures, and muttered, "You will have your work cut out now."

But my little girl seemed to understand.

So she grew as the white lilies grow in my garden, each new day revealing fresh beauties to my delighted eyes. Soon she was toddling after me everywhere, her cooing voice calling for "Gran, Gran," the moment I was out of her sight. She was my baby, yet I could not quite forget that grave on the hill-side, and when she was old enough to understand, I took her there, and told her of the beautiful mother who lay asleep. I saw the tears gather in her bright eyes as she listened, and then she knelt beside the grassy mound, and stroked it lovingly.

"Oh! Gran!" she said. "If I had been father I could never have borne to leave her here, and go so far away. Could you? And, Gran," she added, as though the thought had come unbidden, "was it not rather cruel to leave the little baby like that? He was not to know how sweet and good you would be to her. Was he?"

I was at a loss how to answer her. There was another matter, too, my little girl would soon need to be told, for we had heard no word of her father for many a long day. The foreign mail had ceased to bring either letter or remittance, and Jack had decided in his own mind that my little girl's father was either dead, or had married again and wished to ignore the existence of his first wife's child. So I faltered out some sort of excuse for his conduct, and then my little girl began to ply me with questions about her mother. "What was she like?" and "Why did she die so

soon?" and a hundred other things that I knew not how to answer.

"And was she tall, Gran, or just a little thing like me?" she continued, her bonny face full of interest. "I want to know everything now."

So I pulled her down on the grass beside me, for I felt that after all there could not be a better place to tell her the little story than beside the grave of the sweet-faced girl who had been my little girl's mother. It seemed to me that her presence must hover near the child, who had grown so precious to my heart that I loved her as my own.

"I don't know very much—I wish I knew more, for your sake," I began, "but you must never forget this, that your mother was noble and good, as well as being beautiful. People called her the 'Angel of the White House,' she was so pitiful to the poor, so tender to all in trouble. I had heard many stories of her kind heart, but I never saw her until one day we were passing the gates of her home, when the door opened, and she stepped out before me. Such a vision of loveliness! She wore a white dress, but I could tell you no more than that—it was her face that held me spell-bound—not alone its beauty, but the light upon it 'that never was on sea or land.' It seemed to me that she had come straight from communion with the Great Father above. After that day I often thought of the lady, but though I went by the White House several times purposely, I never saw her again, though I see her often and often in you now, little girl.

"One day Jack came home from work looking very grave. You were born, he told me, but your mother had passed beyond this vale of shadows. Your father, stricken by the terrible blow, seemed almost like one demented, and would not even look at you at first. Jack heard that he was anxious to find someone to take charge of you, and then shut up his house and go abroad for some years.

"Jack knew how I fretted for my own little one, so he offered to take you, and oh, how my heart rejoiced, little girl, when you came to me."

I felt my little girl's hand clasp mine closer with its soft fingers, and then she asked the question I dreaded to hear: "Why doesn't my father write to me?"

"There may be many reasons, dear," I answered cheerfully. "We have not heard at all lately, but it does not matter very much, after all. Our home is yours so long as you

like to stay in it, and we will be father and mother both to you."

"Dear old Gran," she whispered, bending to kiss my cheek. "But," she continued, drawing herself up in a stately little fashion, "I think it most dishonourable of father not to pay what he owes you."

"We won't say hard things, little girl. He may be sleeping, too," and I looked towards the green grave.

There seemed a closer link between my little girl and me after that day. She grew more thoughtful and womanly, and we had many rare sweet talks together. Her mind seemed to open up like a wonderful book, page after page, before my happy eyes. I could but rejoice to find the child on whom I had showered my love fulfil all my deepest longings.

We were so happy together, my little girl and I, and when a shadow fell across our threshold and Jack was summoned "Home," she was my one comforter, the one sweet drop in that dreadful cup of bitterness.

When we were alone together she resolutely put away her books and studies, and began to help earn our daily bread. I could not bear to see the little hands grow rough and hardened. She would turn them over and hold them up quite gleefully, telling me she was no longer a drone in the busy hive, and add such loving stories of how she meant to work for me, and keep me in fine food and raiment all the days of my life.

I see her tip-toeing across the darkened room when I lay ill, the sweet face bent so anxiously over me, the gentle touch on my brow, and the long nights that she sat beside my bed, never thinking of herself. That was just my little girl—ready in a moment, at the least movement of mine, to shake up the pillow with always a smile for greeting—always—even though tears were often very near those sweet eyes. She knew how to keep them back so that Gran should not be distressed, but I often saw through her sweet treachery, even with such dim sight as mine.

Then the delight when I recovered and was able to get downstairs again. The preparations my little girl made in my honour, the flower-decked parlour, and my favourite chair pulled forward in the cosiest corner to receive me. Nothing had been forgotten—no, not even the loving kiss and the whispered prayer, "Thank God for letting Gran come down again."

We were in the garden one evening, my little

girl and I. She fluttered about among the flowers like a butterfly, all the while singing a happy song that set my canary on trying to rival her.

Presently the post came along. There was a letter for me, with a foreign stamp, and when I saw it something seemed to grow faint within me. My fingers trembled so I could hardly break the seal, and I slipped down on the garden seat, feeling unable to stand. It took

She came running up presently with a white rose to pin in my dress, but stopped to pick up a piece of paper that had fallen when I opened my letter.

"What riches!" she exclaimed. "A cheque for all this money. What does it mean?"

Then she looked at my face, and saw the trouble on it, and in a moment her arms were round me, and my head was laid upon her tender breast. After a while she read the



"What riches!" she exclaimed.

me a long time to grasp the meaning of the letter, though it was very brief. "I am coming shortly for my little girl." That sentence rang over and over with bitter significance in my brain—to lose my little girl after all these happy years! It was cruel of her father to want her now. He had not troubled about her for so long that I had begun to fancy she was altogether mine, and now—how cruel to say, "Things have prospered with me lately, after a long spell of hard luck, and I am coming soon for my little girl." His little girl—nay, she was surely mine.

fateful letter, interspersing it with indignant words.

"However can he be so mean!—so disgracefully mean! Fancy saying—'The enclosed cheque will put me out of your debt!' Just as though he could ever, with any money—pay you for all you have done. Oh! dear, dear Gran, you need not fear, I will never leave you for him. He is a horrid man, I am sure of it. To leave me all these years, and then, just when it suits him, to send, as though I were a piece of old china he had left in your charge."

She wept herself to sleep that night, locked

in my arms, but I lay with wide-open eyes fighting my battle. I fell asleep at break of day, with great peace in my heart, for I seemed then to understand the story of Abraham and Isaac as I had never done before, and I knew that, just as love was behind that story, so love was behind the dark cloud that hovered over me. "I had only to trust, and not be afraid."

My little girl was so tender over me at breakfast time, so concerned over my wan looks, and coaxed my appetite so lovingly, with all the while such brave cheerfulness, as though there were no such things as foreign mails in existence. But when the little household tasks were finished, she came softly up to me, putting her two hands on my shoulders, and looking straight into my quivering face.

"Now, Gran," she said. "I'm just going to pack you off to your room to lie down, for you look as though you never closed your eyes last night, and that won't do at all. Then," she added casually, as though it were quite an everyday matter, "I'll return that cheque while you are resting, with just a line to say we are much obliged, but cannot see our way clear to acknowledge his existence, as he has so long left the fact of ours unnoticed."

"Little girl," I said softly, "remember, he is your father."

"Yes," she said, "I'm very sorry indeed that he is. There is no danger of my ever feeling proud of the fact, you may be sure."

"The old book says—Honour thy father," I began.

"But he hasn't done a father's duty by me,"

"It isn't written, 'If he has done his duty,'" I said.

"Oh, Gran! Fancy you going over to the enemy. I thought you loved me, and wanted to keep me with you."

That broke me down for a moment, and then my little girl was all tenderness, and full of self-reproach. Kissing me over and over again, wondering how ever she could be so heartless as to bring tears to her old Gran's eyes, gently she pushed me upstairs, and made me lie down, shading the window from the brilliant sunlight and bathing my forehead with gentle hands.

"Now I'm off for a little while," she said, kissing me, "and when I come back we will see to the letter."

By-and-by I got up, and peeping through the drawn blinds I saw my little girl's figure

outlined away on the hill-top where the church stood, with the quiet graves around. Then I knew where my darling had taken her trouble, and I also knew beforehand what her decision would be. I had not read her like an open book all these sweet years, to be mistaken now.

I missed her dancing footstep when she came back; it was so changed, so steady. Ah, me! We both were changed. She posted her letter, and then she turned her face to me, whereon smiles and tears were striving for the mastery.

"Now we won't think about the horrid business any more. For very likely, after so long, he will think better of it, and not wait me."

But I shook my head sadly. I knew of those already who coveted my treasure, and how much more would her father want her when he saw the sweet face that drew all hearts unconsciously.

"You see, Gran," she explained presently, "I felt I should like to be able to look mother in the face, and tell her I had done what I could."

Once more I sat at the parlour window waiting for the sound of carriage wheels; the last time they had brought my little girl to me, and now they were coming to take her away. My baby! I felt the touch of her little arms about my neck, I remembered her kisses, the broken dollies she had brought me to mend, the rosy lips repeating the children's prayer beside my knee, but she was not mine, never my own baby, and now they were taking her right away, and I should be left alone beside my childless hearth.

She came when she could, and it was like the sudden shining of the sun when her feet crossed the threshold, and like winter gloves when she went away. She was always laden with loving gifts for me; they told me many a silent story of how her heart had been with me, notwithstanding the gay and giddy circle that surrounded her. How my old eyes brightened at the sight of her bonny face, with its frame of sun-kissed hair. How well the rich dresses became her, yet in spite of them she was still my simple-hearted little girl. Her father called her a little "Puritan," and he was nearer right than he thought. It seemed to me it was just the shield of innocence

that kept her pure and true, in the midst of so much that would have harmed her.

In those sweet half-hour visits, so precious to us both, my little girl would kneel beside my chair, regardless of any remonstrances about the damage to her smart frocks, and tell me all the details of her new life. Her father was very proud of her—how could he be otherwise?—for her name was on every tongue, but I knew that in spite of all this homage, nothing was half so sweet to my little girl as those quiet talks, in stolen moments, that we had together in the twilight.

I had not seen my darling for a while, and was growing anxious, when she sent a messenger for me to go to her, as she was unwell and could not come to me. How lovely she was with her fair hair falling around her face, and filmy laces at her throat. She had been beautiful enough in homely clothes, but it was beyond words to describe her as I saw her then. Yet still two eager arms were stretched out to welcome me—her poor, plain old Gran. There was nothing lovable or desirable about an old faded woman that this radiant creature should fold her to her breast and kiss her withered cheeks again and again. The maid looked on in scorn and wonder, but my darling's lips bade me tenderest welcome, while her busy fingers unfastened my cloak and the strings of my old-fashioned bonnet.

When her excitement had died down, I saw with pain how white and weary she had grown, and presently, being left to ourselves, she opened her heart to me. The endless balls and parties had left her very tired; she had excused herself from a dinner party where the rest were gone. The house was full of company. It was ever so—father was not happy without. There was something troubling her beside. Hadn't I always said that love and esteem alone made a true marriage?—but father was persuading her to accept a friend of his. She was sure she had no love for him, and she felt so young, she did not want to marry yet at all, only father did press the matter so.

My heart sank with sad foreboding as I listened to my little girl's words, and I guessed somewhat of the struggle before her if she persisted in opposition to her father's wishes. But I knew I could trust her to do what was right though all the world was against her. So

I only clasped closer the soft hand that lay in mine.

"Father threatened to separate me entirely from you if I do not obey him. He shares some business affairs with this gentleman, and declares that he will be utterly ruined if I do not consent to this marriage. But as for love—Gran, dear old Gran—it is you that I love, and you alone."

Months passed on and I saw less and less of my little girl, and time was very dreary.

"Father makes it so difficult for me to come to you," she said one day. "I believe he attributes all my rebellion to you, and would forbid my coming to see you at all, only that he knows I should disobey such a command the very first opportunity that came to me. You don't know how often I feel tempted to throw everything up, Gran, and run away home to this dear cottage and you."

And I could only counsel patience and firmness to my little girl, though my heart was lonely all the days she did not come to gladden me.

Later on she sent word they were going into the country to friends. This was quickly followed by news of a serious accident happening to her father. My little girl devoted all her time to nursing him, writing me just bare notes concerning the invalid's progress. With that I had to be content for many weeks, though all the time the clouds were surely lifting for me, had I but known.

* * * * *

It was again the anniversary of my little girl's coming that wet night so long ago. I sat in my lonely parlour, so deep in thought that I did not hear the sound of footsteps up the path, till somebody who knew the trick of the latch opened the door. Then at first I thought I was dreaming, for my little girl stood before me radiant, her face smiling down on me with tenderest love. I had no eyes for the one who brought her, till my little girl beckoned him near. Was it indeed her father? His face was lined with suffering, but it had caught the borrowed light of my little girl's smile, as he laid a thin hand on the golden head that rested, in its old place, on my bosom, murmuring words of blessing.

It was thus my little girl came back to me.





Books that have Influenced Me.

By the Rev. F. W. MACDONALD, M.A.

I HAVE stated in a previous article that through life I have been influenced by books rather than by men, but the statement requires explanation. From the influence of teachers and guides in general I would distinguish that of parents and early home life, and except it from the remark just made. To it I assign the first place in importance and lasting effect.

As I look back upon the years when I was in the making, years spent almost entirely at home, I recognise more and more clearly the penetrative and formative influences of the household life in which I grew up. The convictions and ideals which, amid all changes, have been fundamental with me were then mainly formed, not so much from direct instruction as from the gentle, ceaseless pressure of the atmosphere in which I lived. That home life moulded my mental and moral nature in a way that has made all subsequent influences subordinate in their effect. Had these been other than they were, I should, doubtless, have been a different man; had the former been other than it was, I should have been, not only different, but another man. I neither boast of this nor apologise for it, but mention it as a fact.

My Debt to Books.

Leaving this, however, on one side, I do not hesitate to say that I owe more to books than to living teachers, guides, or models, and this appears to me quite what might be expected. How few of us come into personal contact with really first-class minds. How few men of great intellectual distinction have we had the opportunity of listening to or consorting with. Under the actual conditions of life our instructors, however excellent in their way, must needs be of average sorts. There are not enough men of genius in existence to put one in every school, in every pulpit, in every town. But on the humblest

student's bookshelf there may easily be learning and thought, wit and eloquence enough to light up a century, or fertilise a continent.

Little wonder, then, if it is from books, read in his own time and in his own way, rather than from the desk where his master sits, that inspiration and quickening reach a youth, the impulses that are to shape his intellectual being. To say this is not to speak ungratefully or ungraciously of teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters duly appointed. They render indispensable service. By means of grammar and dictionary, by the spade-and-trowel work of the schoolroom, lessons, exercises, examinations and what not, they prepare him to profit by a more potent ministry than theirs when it shall come his way. And when that hour arrives, and "a new planet swims into his ken," they who have done what they could to prepare him for the vision have their reward.

My Early Reading.

In my own school and college days two courses of intellectual activity were running with me side by side, the one in school-hours, the other out of them. Of the first my teachers had cognisance. It was their affair, so to speak. They laid down its lines, gave it direction, and furnished help and guidance. Of the second they knew nothing, and if they ever contributed to it, it was unconsciously and incidentally. Its motive and inspiring cause was a passionate love of reading, which, as the years went on, superseded all other recreations, and has continued to be my chief occupation and delight, second only to the happy labours of the Christian Ministry.

The love of books began with me very early. I was surrounded by them from childhood. There were no books in my father's house that could harm a child.

so they were not kept under lock and key, or shut within glass doors. By the time I was eight years old I knew my "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Don Quixote"—the latter an abridgment. Four or five years later I was introduced to the "Waverley Novels"—an epoch in my mind's history never to be forgotten. I was not distracted or surfeited by coming into possession of them all at once. They were lent me a volume at a time, each to be read and returned before I received another, and so I ploughed my happy way through the whole series. From the realms of Scott to the world of Dickens I passed at a stride. Here I found a different climate and scenery, different people, manners and customs, everything different from the enchanting world of Scott's creation. But this was a good world too, and there was room for it also in my imagination and affection.

Scott, Dickens, and De Quincey.

If I may reason from my own experience, I should say that the reading of romances, of books of adventure, of genial, honest fiction, may do a boy service that hardly anything else can. Of course, I do not include problem novels, the literature of morbid analysis, stories of what is least healthy and admirable in human nature and conduct. In such productions I take no interest, and would not give them a place in the book-list of man or woman, still less of boy or girl. But the fiction to which the names of Scott and Dickens give the pass-word will do a youth no harm, but rather much good, quickening his intelligence, his imagination, and his moral perceptions in a hundred pleasant ways. I read little or no fiction now; not that my judgment concerning its place and function has altered, but it does not now interest me as do some other forms of literature. I shall, however, always be thankful that when I was a boy I moved freely through the charmed region where I met with "Rob Roy," "The Antiquary," and "Kenilworth," with "David Copperfield," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "Oliver Twist."

But I must compress these reminiscences, and mention very briefly the books that influenced me in youth and early manhood. Foremost among them were the writings of Macaulay and De Quincey. To the latter I owe my first enjoyment of English prose as such. I knew nothing previously of De Quincey's place in literature, or of

his remarkable personal qualities, brilliant and ineffective, until his death in 1859 was the means of calling my attention to his writings. They were a revelation to me of the resources and possibilities of language. My whole conception of what can be done with words was raised to a new level. I saw for the first time that in the hands of a master prose is an instrument as rich and varied as verse. I was of an age and temperament to be impressed with what was oratorical, robust, and high coloured in style; but here was something more delicate and divine. The subtlety, the precision, the exquisite structure of sentences, the artist quality that selected and arranged words as though they were gems, each beautiful in itself, and harmoniously set so as to contribute to the beauty of the jewel as a whole—all this fascinated me with a fascination that had the charm of being wholly new.

In two years I had read the fifteen volumes of his collected works. I found no fault with his long digressions, and the ever-renewed postponements of his theme as he went off at a word and in directions altogether unexpected. His exquisite style was in everything he wrote, and whether it was riotous humour, gleaming and flickering with felicitous absurdities, or impassioned prose all but transcending human limits in its solemnity and magnificence, I was enraptured and responsive. The volumes of De Quincey are still upon my shelves, and few of my books recall happier memories. I value them for the much varied learning, the intellectual subtlety, and critical acuteness to be found there; but most of all for masterpieces of writing in which English prose appears in its most splendid and enchanting form. What I owe to De Quincey is a sense of the claims and powers of our English language, and a standard of excellence with regard to style that has assisted my judgment, even where it has ministered to my own humiliation and discomfort.

Macaulay's Influence.

My obligations to Macaulay, incurred about the same time, were of a different kind, but, I think, of still greater value. His "Essays" sent me, along various paths, to the fields of general literature, giving great additional stimulus to my love of reading. The references and allusions with which they abound were a continual incitement to follow them up and trace

them home. In this way, I was led to read Milton's prose works, the "Spectator," Boswell's "Johnson," and the "Lives of the Poets," Neal's "History of the Puritans," Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," and the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" of Sir James Mackintosh, Carlyle's "Cromwell," and much beside. Macaulay the historian was but a part of the whole Macaulay. He was primarily and essentially a man of letters, taking all literature for his province; and that by his writings he communicated something of his love for it to great numbers of the ingenuous young of the mid-Victorian period is not the least of the services he rendered to literature and to his country.

Tennyson and Wordsworth.

With the name of Macaulay I must associate that of Tennyson, not on the ground of intellectual kinship or resemblance, but because they were at the height of their influence about the same time, and those who felt the stimulus of the one could hardly fail to come under the spell of the other. It was so with me. For a while I had swung to and fro in hesitating admiration of Byron, but I broke away from him and became a Tennysonian, whole-hearted and fervent. Happy is the generation that has living in its midst a great poet whom its sons and daughters revere and love: a poet, not of doubt or despair, but of faith and hope; a large-hearted, high-souled lover of nature and of man; something of a prophet, something of a teacher and moralist, but a poet first and last, and a supreme artist and master of his craft. Tennyson was all this and more, and the years of my youthful loyalty and love to him might be marked in my chronology as the reign of Tennyson.

I was not at that time ripe for introduction to Wordsworth. That came later, when boyish enthusiasm was sobering down, and experience was accumulating. Wordsworth kept me on probation, so to speak, before he had much to say to me. I found no immediate delight in his poetry, and some things on the very surface of it that almost turned me back. But I was willing to believe that it was I who lacked something; that I had not yet struck the right path of approach; that I had preconceptions that must be laid aside; and that, if I may so put it, I must allow to the poet his own way before I could possibly understand and appreciate him. And so it came about, and through all these years Wordsworth

has been among the foremost of the great masters by whom I have been guided, cheered, and strengthened. His wide, spiritual vision; his meditative insight; his sense of the infinite, and of the mystic oneness of the universe and the mind of man; his calm wisdom and unfaltering allegiance to what is at once most homely and most majestic in the moral sphere—these qualities, rare in themselves, and rarer still in combination, have made him to me, as to so many others, a teacher of unique and priceless worth.

To one class of books I have been through life particularly attached, and that is biographies. I love the companionship of my fellow men under the conditions that biography provides, including under that term "Letters," "Journals," and the like. I find something to interest me in men of all kinds. No form of literature illustrates to me more pleasantly the power of a book. I open a volume, and in a moment I am in the company of whom I will, saint or sinner, divine, scholar, poet, soldier, or courtier—Augustine, Baxter, Wesley, Pepys, Evelyn, Johnson, Gibbon, Byron, Scott, or Lamb. I love them most at the fireside, when day is over, when things immediately surrounding lose their hold, and I am free for companionship with the distant and the departed.

Religious Masterpieces.

I have as yet said nothing of theological or religious books. These have, naturally, furnished great part of my reading for many years. I might compare the service they have rendered me to that performed by my daily meals. They have nourished and sustained me all along the journey. Though few of them are distinctly remembered, I know that I have owed to them the constant renewal of my strength and my fitness for daily duty. This has been particularly the case as regards Biblical literature. It was Dean Alford and Combeare and Howson who first invited me to New Testament study, and because I was young at the time I remember it very vividly. But, on the whole, the writers to whose historic or exegetic labours I am indebted are not distinctly separated from each other in my memory. As I have gained clearer views and a firmer grasp of the contents of Holy Scripture, largely by their aid, it is no disparagement of them to say that their separate and personal share in my training has become less and

less clear to me. The result I value more than I can say, and I thank them all—Ellicott, Lightfoot, Westcott, Vaughan, Gifford, Moulton, Evans, Sanday, George Adam Smith, and many another.

The theological writings of Dr. W. B. Pope influenced me considerably through many years of my course, and still appear to me to be in certain respects incomparable. But their influence diminished somewhat when his own gracious and beautiful personality was no longer available as an inspiring and directing force

Bishop Butler's "Analogy."

On the whole, I think that I own more to Bishop Butler than to any other author. He injected into my intellectual system, while it was yet receptive, certain elements of thought and ways of thinking that remain with me. If I have sometimes incurred the reproach of being a "moderate" man, of stating my case too low, of making admissions unpalatable to friends and allies, it is, at least in part, due to my having assimilated Butler's teaching respecting our ignorance, and the kind and degrees of proof generally available. Butler has been accused—an accusation, in my judgment, very wide of the mark—of leading to scepticism: to me he has furnished the strongest defence against scepticism, and some of the most valuable aids to faith.

In the practical interpretation and setting forth of the Gospel, I am a follower of John Wesley. His theological writings do not meet all my wants, and leave whole provinces untouched; but in setting forth the way of salvation, and explaining the nature of salvation, I do not know that he has ever been surpassed. Has he been equalled?

Julius Hare's "Victory of Faith" was to me an epoch-making book, happily encountered while I was yet young. It gave me new and larger views of faith; of faith as a practical principle of the highest power, working through the whole sphere of man's natural life, finding its supreme object in Christ, and accomplishing through Him its supreme task of "overcoming the

world." I remember in the early glow of my delight in these sermons, speaking of them to a learned Roman Catholic priest, previously an Anglican, and a Cambridge man, and his saying to me: "Ah, you should have heard them delivered, as I did!"

To the writings of Canon Mozley I also feel that I owe much. I regard him as of the house and lineage of Butler, a strong and deep thinker of whom it has been said "he could handle deep moral and religious themes with the steady eye and large grasp of Butler, and with a richness of imaginative illustration to which Butler can lay no claim." His characteristic qualities are to be found in all his writings, and at their fullest and best in his "University Sermons." I know of no sermons so close packed with thought, so stimulating and suggestive to students and teachers.

The Delight of the Classics.

In my busiest days I never really forsook my books, and now that I have retired from active official life, I have taken them to my heart afresh. I find the Bible unexhausted and inexhaustible, and I read it with ever-deepening sense of its truth and beauty. On a lower plane and a smaller scale I may say something similar respecting the great masters of thought and utterance, who sit, each on his throne, in the temple of our national literature. One cannot exhaust them. I have also renewed acquaintance with Virgil, and Horace, and Lucretius, with Cicero and with Tacitus. I do not vex myself with philological or grammatical niceties. I read them now as authors, to enjoy what they have said or sung. Some things that I once knew about their prose and verse I have forgotten, but I get nearer to the writers than I did in my student days, and find pleasure in so doing that I would not exchange for more boisterous joys.

And so I say with Carlyle:

"May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books."



Spring-Cleaning.

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR.**

SPRING-CLEANING! Why is it that the very name strikes terror to the heart of every man, and even causes the majority of women to shudder and exclaim, "How thankful I shall be when it is over"?

No doubt spring-cleaning means a trying time for all concerned, but the chief reason of its unpopularity may be summed up in three short words—Want of Method—and these three little words are answerable for a great many more troubles, particularly those of a domestic nature, than is readily acknowledged. There are several metaphorical oils, which, when applied to the wheels of the household, enable them to run more smoothly, and probably the most effectual of these is forethought, the careful planning-out and arranging of every detail before the work in hand is commenced.

Many people consider spring-cleaning one of the most crucial tests of a housewife's capabilities, for at this time she certainly has to cope with more difficulties than occur during the remainder of the year.

The Best Time.

Housekeepers are a good deal divided in their opinion as to the best month for the annual upheaval to take place. Some women like to have it all finished before Easter, as after that festival social duties claim their attention; on the other hand, others prefer to postpone the cleaning until it is no longer necessary to have fires.

There cannot be a fixed date for commencing, but taking everything into consideration, the last week in April and the first two weeks in May are generally acknowledged as the most convenient time. The weather, on which we English people are so dependent, is, as a rule, then sufficiently warm for doors and windows to be open—and fresh air is essential—but it is not warm enough for the servants to be over-fatigued with the heat. Even if fires are still necessary their use can be restricted to one or two rooms, and there is no reason why husbands and children should be condemned to sit and shiver in a fireless room, just because the spring-cleaning is over!

The approximate date should be decided during the first week in April, and the best way to begin proceedings is to take a pencil

and notebook and write down plans of all the work that is to be done. This is of the greatest assistance to methodical labour, and it is wonderful how matters simplify themselves when written down in black and white.

Golden Rules.

Let us suppose that the house to be cleaned is occupied by an average household consisting of four persons and two servants. They may reasonably expect to be quite straight within three weeks of the commencement of the cleaning. I do not mean to suggest that the house is to be upset for three whole weeks; if the work is properly managed, no one, except those actually concerned, ought to be aware that anything unusual is going on until the last week or so.

There are two golden rules for spring-cleaning:

1. Commence at the top of the house and work downwards.

2. Finish off each room as completely as is possible at the end of each day.

The second rule can only be adhered to by the exercise of forethought, but this is well repaid by the sight of a fresh, clean room with its dainty hangings and shining furniture. It is most encouraging to the servants, also, to see such apparent results of their labours, and the satisfaction to the housewife is unbounded.

In order that the work should, day by day, progress satisfactorily, all the "odd job" cleaning should be done during the first week. For instance, the linen, dress and store cupboards, wardrobes, and chests of drawers should be thoroughly turned out, relined with white paper, and, all rubbish having been eliminated, the contents rearranged tidily. The house-parlourmaid can assist the mistress in this, whilst the cook carries on the same work in the kitchen and pantries, and scrubs the soiled linen-baskets. Two days generally suffice for these preparations. It is well to arrange for the sweep to come in one day during this week to clean all the bedroom chimneys, and the cook can devote a morning to removing his traces, following him from room to room.

Thursday and Friday may be utilised for cleaning out the boxroom and the ser-

vants' bedroom, when the two girls will work together.

Monday is not, as a rule, a good day for cleaning, as in most families a certain amount of laundry work is done at home, and Saturday is occupied with cooking and silver cleaning; so these two days should be left out of the reckoning when planning the work. Roughly speaking, the cleaning may be arranged thus:

Tuesday.—Best bedroom and dressing-room.

Wednesday.—Second bedroom.

Thursday.—Spare room.

Friday.—Breakfast-room.

Tuesday.—Dining-room.

Wednesday.—Drawing-room.

Thursday.—Stairs, bathroom, and halls.

Friday.—Kitchens and pantries.

The order of the rooms must be regulated by the way in which the house is built.

Keep One Room Ahead.

To ensure the rooms being completely finished off each day, everything that requires cleaning and washing must be prepared beforehand. Cleaners are always inundated with work at this season of the year; therefore, to prevent the disappointment of seeing the drawing-room chairs and sofa minus their pretty chintz covers, send these off in good time, so that they are ready to put on as soon as the cleaning of the room is finished. It is of great importance that the mistress should keep one room ahead of the maids. For instance, whilst the cook is scrubbing the paint and cleaning the windows of one room, the mistress and housemaid are taking down and cleaning the pictures, washing ornaments, and generally preparing the room which is to be spring-cleaned on the following day. This ought not to take more than two hours—excepting perhaps in the case of the drawing-room—and it enables the cook to start work soon after breakfast. Both girls then have the afternoon for polishing the furniture, laying the carpet, and finishing the room.

It is not quite so easy to manage this with the sitting-rooms, but if the family is approached good-naturedly, its members are, in nine cases out of ten, willing to picnic in one room for a day or two, even if they

do not oblige by paying a friend a visit. As the sitting-rooms require more preparation than the bedrooms for the sweep, he should be asked to call each morning to sweep one chimney at a time, after the room has been denuded of its hangings and ornaments.

Arrangements for Meals.

Now as regards meals. Some servants prefer to have a sandwich luncheon, and dine in the evening, during the busy time, whilst others think they cannot work unless they have a substantial midday meal, so it is best to arrange with them at the beginning of the cleaning as to which they prefer. In either case the mistress should simplify the cooking as much as possible; but there is no reason why the family should sit down to a hastily cooked and unappetisingly served dinner each night. There are numerous dainty and nutritious dishes which, as the cookery books tell us, "cook themselves," and when the notebook and pencil are in hand, a list of these should be noted down, and, as far as possible, the necessary ingredients ordered and placed in readiness in the store cupboard. This saves much thought and time when one is busy, for there is nothing so annoying to mistress or maid as to find that some essential is missing, and that someone, who is probably feeling very tired and untidy, has to go out and procure it at a moment's notice.

Store of Materials.

The housewife who studies economy will lay in a store of house-cleaning materials some time before they are required. Soap, particularly, goes much further when cut up and allowed to stand in a warm place for a few weeks.

A small quantity of soft soap in plenty of warm water is excellent for scrubbing paint-work, and if marble is first scrubbed with Brooke's soap, and then polished with furniture cream, the result is very satisfactory. Most people, nowadays, send their carpets to be shampooed, and unless economy is strictly necessary, the extra expenditure is well laid out. When this is not feasible, however, and the carpets are beaten at home, a quick wash with carpet soap, after relaying, has a most beneficial effect in restoring their pristine colour and freshness.

A Healing Touch.

A Complete Story.

By ESTHER BRANTHWAITE.

THE fallen leaves, brown and lifeless, were being tossed hither and thither at the mercy of the keen autumn wind; and as a tall, grey-haired woman moved in and out of the stiff, unnatural-looking rooms of the old house which had been her home for so many years, nature's mood seemed to be in harmony with her own.

The gorgeous brilliancy of glorious summer had given place to decay and death, and was it not so with her life?

As her weary, grief-laden eyes fell on the rolls of carpet, long since deprived of their pristine freshness by the tread of little feet, and the comfortable old armchair in which the partner of her joys—the greater number of her sorrows did not come until he had been taken away from her—had for a few short years rested at the close of the busy day, a sob of bitter anguish rose to her throat.

The pretty old-fashioned tea-cups which had been handed down to her from her great grandmother were spread out on the dining-table all ready for inspection, by the side of the precious store of dainty, fragile glass she had prized so highly.

Pictures, books, furniture—household gods which were infinitely dearer to her heart than she had ever imagined—all were to fall under the auctioneer's hammer upon the morrow, and she, no longer young, must go forth alone to hide her shame in some out-of-the-way corner of the earth.

There were no tears to bring relief to the poor over-burdened heart; just an awful weight of intolerable pain and crushing, despairing sorrow. She shivered and drew her cloak more closely around her thin stooping shoulders, as a sudden storm of rain dashed against the curtainless windows. The spring had been so fair and sweet, she had watched the grand old chestnut—which was almost denuded of its glorious foliage—breaking into leaf day after day, and now—?

She passed swiftly up the wide, shallow staircase into the room which had been occupied by her sons, and as she sank with a sigh of utter weariness into a chair at the head of one of the beds, the years seemed to melt away.

Once more she saw herself the happy young bride of a good man. High ideals were hers in those never-to-be-forgotten days—or were they but the reflex of his? How supremely

happy she had been during the early years of her married life, and how quickly they had passed. In time two sturdy little lads, with their restless feet and incessant chatter, broke the stillness of the roomy old house, and later a small maiden came to bear them company. But somehow her boys had always been first in her affection, and the girl had been more her father's child.

It is hard for a woman to be left alone with the sole responsibility of a young family; if her husband had lived his hand would at least have been firmer to guide and restrain, she mused sadly as her eyes fell on the guarded old apple tree her boys had climbed so often.

Yes, where *they* were concerned she had been very weak, she knew. It was almost impossible for her to deny them anything, they were such winning, affectionate little lads, and so bright and clever. They had only been at school a few months when their father died, much too young, in her estimation, to be out of the reach of her motherly care; but her husband was very firm about their going, almost stern, in fact, for she was too indulgent even at that early stage.

If they could have remained boys always she might still have been a fairly happy woman, but that was the worst of it. They grew up so quickly, and her control, which had always been of the slightest, was completely set at naught by their strong, masterful young wills.

When her daughter married she scarcely missed her, she was so entirely wrapped up in her sons' future. Eric monopolised her every thought just at that time with his tea-planting scheme. Dear fellow, how intensely eager he had been about it, and what delightful plans he had built! She could see his laughing blue eyes and hear the sweet persuasive voice as though it had all happened yesterday.

"Why, little mother, what are a few paltry hundreds, after all? I'll never make a lawyer. I tell you—old Park's office is simply killing me—but just give me the chance of a year or two in Ceylon, and I'll come home as rich as Cræsus."

Of course she had yielded. How could she say the poor boy nay? But the hundreds had quickly been followed by thousands, and the fortune had never been made. He had come back to her, certainly; but, alas! only to die.

It was terribly sad to see the bright young

life fading away day after day, but she could think of it now without bitterness; he had belonged to her always, and had died with his hand in hers; no fair, false woman had come between her and this dearly-loved younger son. Lucy, her daughter, slept beneath an Indian sky, but Eric's grave was in the old churchyard on the hillside just outside the town, and her hands had kept the green mound bright with flowers.

No, she could look upon death with a feeling akin to friendliness, for it was not the dark angel who had dealt the awful, crushing blow.

She stretched out her thin hands and stroked the pillow, as though she would seek companionship in that silent, ghost-haunted room. In the gathering gloom she almost fancied she could discern the dark head of her first-born, which had rested there nightly for nearly thirty years.

And it was Philip, her handsome, dark-eyed boy, who had brought ruin and desolation upon her.

What a proud man his father was the morning he was born, and how eagerly they had watched the daily growth of the precious morsel of humanity committed to their care! What an important epoch it had been in their quiet lives when the dear child took his first walk alone! Just a few unsteady steps across the dining-room floor, but how delighted they were when the tiny, white-robed figure reached the safe haven of his father's arms.

And later, when she essayed to teach him simple little lessons, how mischievous and wayward the darling was. He would give his dark curls a rebellious toss, and the book, which very early in its career became sadly soiled, would be thrown to the ground with a gay shriek of laughter. She could feel his warm, moist fingers even now, as they struggled with hers in her endeavour to recapture the dog-eared volume.

She remembered the night when she knelt in bitter grief by the side of this same narrow bed and agonised for the life of her boy. He had been stricken down by a virulent fever. And the kindly old doctor, in a voice hoarse with emotion, had pronounced his verdict to the distracted parents. Death was to claim their idolised darling, human skill could not avail to save the child's life.

The father's grief had been exceedingly

bitter, but he had bowed his head in acquiescence to the Divine Will. "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good," he had murmured with ashen lips.

But what of herself? Ah, God had listened to her wild, frantic entreaties, and Philip's life had been spared. And to-day her brilliantly clever son was the occupant of a felon's cell.

"Misappropriation!" Would the horrid word never cease to ring in her tired brain? Philip, her first-born, was a common thief; he had speculated with money which did not belong to him, and justice had fallen on him with swift, unerring hand.

The grey head was bowed on the pillow now, and hard, tearless sobs shook the slender frame. Husband and children were gone from her, and even the home which was left desolate was hers no longer.

Suddenly the silence which had reigned through the house was broken by the patter of tiny footsteps, and the woman's sad eyes were turned questioningly towards the door as the sound drew nearer.

Step by step, she could hear the small feet as they climbed the staircase, and then, without the slightest hesitation or misgiving, they came running down the corridor. The next moment a dark-eyed, curly-headed little figure burst into the room.

Surely it was Philip himself, an innocent, light-hearted child once more? But a sudden mist of blinding tears—the first she had shed for many weeks—hid the radiant vision.

"Granny, dear Granny!" the boy cried joyfully, as he struggled fearlessly up into her lap, "we've come to take you home," and as the stricken mother looked up to meet the pleading, sorrowful eyes of her son's hitherto unknown wife, the touch of tiny moist hands brought healing to her sore heart.

* * * * *

Day by day a deeply penitent man performs his uncongenial task within the gloomy prison walls, while two women, who have been drawn together in close affection by the bond of a bitter sorrow, endeavour, from time to time, to lay aside the cares and anxieties by which they are surrounded, in their mutual effort to keep the wolf from the door, that they may talk to a little child of the happy, ever-nearing time when "Daddy" shall come home again.



Sunday in Venice.

By DORA M. JONES.

IN these days of railroads, the travellers are fortunate who make their entrance into Venice by night. Jaded with the long hot journey from Bologna, drowsy and bored, they wake to full alertness when the train, a few minutes after leaving Mestre, enters on the causeway two miles long that crosses the lagoon. It seems as though we are plunging right into the sea. All round us the moonlight shines on the dancing waves. The salt breath of the sea is on our faces. And there, away on the horizon, are a few scattered points of light which rapidly multiply, become more definite and intense, till the outline of domes and towers and roofs stands out against the pale purple of the sky, and before we have had time to say to ourselves, "This is Venice," we have arrived.

Then outside the station, the broad belt of water, the black gondolas moored by the quay, the sliding lights, the solemn line of palaces on either bank, their pale fretted fronts silvered by the moonlight, all the disgrace and mutilation of time obliterated by the magic beams that bathe them with the pensive beauty of a dream!

The Silent Highway.

This main thoroughfare of one of the great commercial cities of Italy is all but soundless. As the gondola pushes off, and the station, with its mob of porters and travellers, is left behind, the quiet is only broken by the swish of the water at the side of the boat, the sounds of dispute or merriment from one of the streets opening on the Canalozzo, or the faint notes of music from the upper reaches of the canal. So we go to rest and dream of a dream-Venice.

Morning comes and with it the real Venice. From early in the morning the bells of San Marco close by have been ringing to Mass, answered by peals from San Moise, San Zaccaria, San Geremia, San Giobbe, and innumerable other saints, most of them with Old Testament names, for there is still here much that reminds one of the early linking of Venetian and Byzantine Christianity.

High Mass in the cathedral is at ten o'clock, but before that time the great square is consumed in an unendurable blaze of sun, which swallows up all details. One is just

conscious of that vision of many-tinted splendour that lifts itself at the end of the Piazza, the bubble lightness of the domes, the airy pinnacles, "the breasts of the Greek horses . . . blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars."

Inside the Cathedral.

The first impression is one of aerial grace and lightness, of fantastic splendour and pomp. It is difficult for a northerner not to feel that the great façade, unpassable in its way though it be, would be a fitter front to an Oriental palace of pleasure like the Alhambra than to a Christian church.

This is perhaps a narrow insular view. And at any rate it is soon forgotten. Those five cool cave-like porches, deeply recessed in the brilliant façade, offer an imperious invitation. And as we enter the solemn beauty of the place enfolds us. If there is no church in Europe the exterior of which is less church-like, according to conventional notions, there is none which, on entering, impresses one with a deeper sense of religious awe.

The atrium on which the porches open is covered with mosaics illustrating Old Testament history from the Fall of Man to the time of Moses. Here the catechumen, before he was admitted to the body of the church, was reminded of the long preparation of history for Christ.

Over the central door appears the majestic figure of the Saviour enthroned between the Virgin and St. Mark. On His knees is an open book on which we may read the words, "I am the Door," and above all, round the cornice of the west door, the worshipper as he enters or leaves the church may lift his eyes to the solemn warning, "Who He was and from Whom He came, and at which price He redeemed thee, and why He made thee and gave thee all things, do thou consider."

Then as the eye travels along the three great domes it beholds set forth the great mysteries of the Faith. From the dove in the centre of the cupola of the west dome twelve streams of sacred fire descend on the twelve apostles. Four great angels at the four corners of the cupola bear tablets on which are written the first words of the

Sanctus, and the rest of the hymn is continued round the border of the dome. The Crucifixion and Resurrection are represented upon the vault between the first and second cupola. On the second dome is set forth the Ascension, and the frescoes of the third over the high altar represent our Lord enthroned and surrounded by patriarchs and prophets.

"Daily," says Ruskin, "as the white cupolas rose like wreaths of sea foam in

tina was the private chapel of the Norman kings of Sicily, just as San Marco was till 1807 only the private chapel of the Doges; but the Palermo chapel is on a very much smaller scale than San Marco; while the noble church of Monreale is not so sumptuous in effect.

The prevailing tone of the San Marco mosaics is blue and green on a gold ground, so that vaulting and walls are decked with the rich changing hues of the necks of the



(Photo: Fratelli and Young.)

PONTE RIALTO, VENICE.

the dawn, while the shadowy campanile and frowning palaces were still withdrawn into the night, they rose with the Easter voice of triumph, 'Christ is risen,' and daily as they looked down upon the tumult of the people, deepening and eddying in the wide square that opened from their feet to the sea, they uttered above them the sentence of warning, 'Christ shall come.' "

The magnificence and the Byzantine character of the decoration suggest a comparison with two other famous churches, the Cappella Palatina in Palermo and the cathedral at Monreale. The Cappella Pala-

doves in the Piazza. The floor is of rich reddish marble, covered with undulating lines of veining that remind one of the waves of the sea. On the background of this subdued splendour appears the severe and noble figure of Christ, and the solemn forms of the great six-winged angels of the Apocalypse. We are far enough here from the effeminate sweetness of Carlo Dolce or Sassoferrato. The religion of the Venetians was of a different type in the days of the men who wrought these symbols of time and eternity—so solemn, so awful, and yet so ineffably consoling.

There could hardly be a greater contrast than between this gorgeous building and the little English church of St. George in the Campo San Vio. Yet while listening to the Old Testament lesson for the day, one was carried back to the stories from the

a tall brick campanile and baroque façade, or crossing the numerous side canals over graceful little pointed bridges of a single span. Standing on one of these bridges, we can look down the narrow channel of green water, shut in on either side by



(Photo: Fredelle and Young.)

FRARI QUAY, VENICE.

life of Joseph in the atrium of San Marco. The old Venetians and the English meet in this reverence for the Old Testament.

It is a well-appointed little church in which even the casual visitor cannot miss the note of reverence and interest. A stained glass window has lately been placed in it to the memory of Robert Browning. The son of the poet, Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, was for some time one of the churchwardens.

The easiest way from the Piazza San Marco to the Campo San Vio is by the steamer which runs from the San Marco quay to the Accademia. But those who have left themselves sufficient time, and are not afraid of the walk to the Iron Bridge and across to the church, will be well repaid. For after all, those people miss a good deal of Venice who only see it from a gondola.

The way leads through a succession of narrow paved lanes called "Calle," widening out here and there about a church with

palace fronts, some with the remains of fifteenth century frescoes peeling off their discoloured walls, some with windows of lovely Gothic tracery, and graceful balconies and cavernous doorways, where the black gondola waits, tied to the painted posts, by the marble steps on which the washing of the wave lifts long green tresses of seaweed. Some of these palaces have high-walled gardens, over which the flowering acacia tosses her long sprays of white blossom, and the roses climb and cling.

From the shadow of the narrow ways we emerge into the sunshine of a wide square or *campo*, surrounded with tall yellow-washed or red-washed houses, and inevitably in the centre one of the picturesque well-heads, so characteristic of Venice, often of marble with sculptured sides or cover, and a group of children drawing water or playing about the steps.

At last we come out on the Grand Canal,

and crossing by the Ponte del Ferro, the only bridge except the Rialto across the Canalozzo, we arrive at one of the prettiest little *campi* in Venice, with one side open to the water, a tree or two bending over the brink, and a graceful marble well-head in the midst of the flagged space. On one side of the square is the English church, and at right angles the ancient church of St. Vito or San Vio, as the Venetians call it in their clipping, lipping dialect.

Seafaring Venice.

Behind the little church, when service is over, you can make your way along the *rio* or branch canal—where women stand about in chattering groups enjoying the leisure of the Sunday afternoon, and crowds of little urchins, like bronze cupids, are bathing in the canal—to the bank of the wide channel facing the island of the Giudecca and the Redentore church. Here is the seafaring aspect of Venetian life, with the great ships moored by the quay, the steamers and red-sailed fishing boats, the bronzed sailors, the gondoliers in their white duck suits, red sashes and wide-brimmed straw hats. The white blaze of day is beginning

to be tinged with the orange of evening. The "violent colour" that Marion Crawford notes as a characteristic of Venice, that hard definition of each object as if seen against a distempered wall, becomes more mellowed; the colours are softer and richer like the tints of flowers at sunset. The red and white of San Giorgio Maggiore across the water, the brown-sailed boats, mellow stuccoed walls, pink tints of old frescoes, the white marble palaces and churches with gilt vanes and crosses, the green of the water and the young verdure of the garden trees—all this begins to take on a mystery, a witchery that we missed in the noonday hours.

The breeze is deliciously cool on the Riva dei Schiavoni, where the white front of the Ducal Palace, diapered with lines of pale red, looks across the wide golden water. One is tempted to linger and study those exquisitely beautiful capitals of the columns, no two alike, representing a whole course of divinity and natural history. Yet it is the view of the Riva that wins our last look as we turn into the Piazzetta. For what delights one most in Venice is not this building or that, but the blended beauty of the whole, "the changing charm of sky and sea."



(Photo: Fratelli and Fourn.)

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

And who can forget that scene of the Piazza at night? The cathedral is an enchantment with its delicate tints of sea-shell and alabaster in the blue and silver of the Italian moonlight. In the distance the golden gleaming lights of the gondolas pass to and fro like glow-worms on the water. Half the populace of Venice, it seems, is in the square, listening to the military band. The women go by, graceful and erect, with their long black fringed shawls draped round them, and their children pulling at their skirts. Some are bareheaded, others wear a scarf of black lace over their hair. The Piazzetta of the Lions seems a favourite place for the meeting of little family groups, and it is delightful to watch the familiarity of the babies with the tutelary guardians of the city. An ice-cream man has established his barrow close to the

pedestal of one of the lions. A baby is being held up by its brother to kiss the accommodating animal, while another infant is sprawling on its back. For all their grim aspect, these lions must be as mild as the affable creature whom St. Jerome introduces to the monks in Carpaccio's picture.

With this scene before one, it is curious to remember Ruskin's barbarous libel on the children of Venice—"Every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity and their throats hoarse with cursing." What could have happened to rasp the nerves of the master when he perpetrated that piece of petulance? After all, it is the thought of the little children, sporting in the shadow of St. Mark's Rest, that remains to one traveller as one of the sweetest memories of a Sunday in Venice.



Echoes from Living Preachers.

II.—THE REV. CHARLES BROWN.

Fight to Reign.

"[GIVE unto you power to tread upon serpents and scorpions."

That is, we must face the evil for ourselves. Our wills must get into line with the will of Christ. Our own efforts must be linked on to His power. He will destroy evil in no one who does not wish it destroyed. He will not break burglariously into your house and sweep it clear of foul things against your will. You must open the door and become His servant. You must fight if you would reign.

Do Something, and Begin Now.

DO something for God and man.

Take up some form of Christian work, however lowly. Do not wait to be asked—begin now: offer yourself. Do something, even if it be a cross to you. Do not be daunted by difficulties. It is more than possible, it is highly probable, that God has a great career in store for some of you, but it will not come to you to begin with, neither should you seek it. God will lead you to it through the faithful performance of obscure tasks.

Resist Sin.

[F you will not resist sin, it will most certainly destroy your soul, and even God Himself cannot help you. But if you *will*, if you will labour and strive, and that with all your heart, there is no doubt about the issue. This is the one field in which labour brings sure satisfaction. There is no condition that is hopeless, whatever you may have inherited, whatever you may have contracted, by whatsoever you may be surrounded; there are liberty and life, purity, and perfection, not at a stroke, not by one supreme effort. Through long days of toil and struggle you may have to go, but the reward is as sure as the word and the nature of God; so work not for the meat which perisheth, but for the meat which endureth.



(Photo: Reginald Haines.)

THE REV. CHARLES BROWN.

The new President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland is the Rev. Charles Brown, of Ferme Park Chapel, Hornsey. He has been in the Christian ministry for twenty-five years, and to crowded congregations preaches the old truths. Eighteen years ago, he came to London, to a comparatively small cause, which has grown so extensively under his fostering care that there are over a thousand names on the roll of members. Mr. Brown is a powerful and convincing preacher, and is regarded as one of the ablest men in the Free Churches. All will wish for him a happy and influential year of office. Mr. Brown is to visit America this year.

Calm and Happy.

[S it not perfectly true that the man who is whole-hearted in his devotion to Christ, who follows singly the gleam of the Divine light, is largely impervious to ill-natured and spiteful criticism? The thing intended to make a deadly wound does not touch him. Where you might expect to find him crushed and sullen you find him calm and happy. He reads what the papers say against him with an unperturbed spirit which his enemies might envy, and as for anonymous letters, they are forgotten as a dream when one awaketh. The secret of his immunity is his communion. The Master says to him, "I give unto you power to tread on the serpent, and nothing shall by any

means hurt you." He is not fighting for his own hand, nor on his own self-born impulse is he working, but in the service and at the bidding of his Master, and in Him he hides. So he can sing:

"If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach and welcome
shame,
If Thou remember me!"

Work for the Eternal.

THE chief consideration of many people concerning any social function is not what was said, but what was worn, and the deepest impression made on the minds of such people, even at public worship, is made by dress, which is the chief topic of conversations round the meal table. One question whether there is anything in the whole world that would excite the majority of people half as much as money and what it can procure. The first question—even that many a mother asks about the young man who seeks to be a suitor to her daughter—is not about character, but about income; and the value of a man is determined not by his mental gifts, or spiritual qualities, but by the size of his house, and the number of his servants, and the length of his purse. One of the besetting temptations of the British nation is to social pride, than which there is nothing more contemptible from a Christian standpoint, the fruitful parent of many evils, and an abomination in the sight of the Lord. Not what a woman has in her mind, but what she has on her body is the primary consideration with many people. Not what a man is mentally and spiritually, but what he is socially and commercially, is the vital question. And our Master says it is all wrong. It is clear against His teaching, it is un-Christian, and the word for to-day is, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life."

Two Little Silk Shoes.

A Complete Story.

By ILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

"AND it's glad I am to see you at last, Miss Evelyn!" The old housekeeper turned before she left the room, and looked affectionately at the girl who stood by the dressing-table, still in her long fawn-coloured silk dust-cloak. The trunks, just brought up, lay unstrapped on the floor, the dressing-bag yawned with open mouth on the chair by the bed. Tennis racquet and parasols and golf sticks lay about in admired confusion. Evelyn Dacre turned from the looking-glass, and smiled kindly and brightly. All the world was dear to her now-adays, since she had learnt what love was, and how it glorified. "Yes, I'm glad enough, miss. I've heard of you often, and wondered if you were like your sweet mother." Evelyn's eyes dimmed suddenly.

"Oh, you knew my mother! You know, I can hardly remember her. She died when I was so small—she and my father! And Aunt Alice didn't know Uncle Randolph! Though he's my guardian, you know, Mrs. Kittleby, I never saw him till to-day. Isn't it funny I never came here?"

"It's a real pity, miss, that's what it is!" Mrs. Kittleby's failing eyes looked tenderly at the young figure in its pretty cloak and hat, and the radiant charming face with the long-lashed eyes, and skin like apple blossom. It was a strange enough figure to stand in that old room, with the Chippendale furniture, and the quaint, prim stiffness of a bygone generation. It was as if youth and joy and hope had suddenly flown in to make their home in the old silent house, with its dreary shadows.

"So it is, miss, a real pity! You ought to have had your home here all your life, with your own mother's relations. But now you've done school, haven't you, and you're coming to live here for good and all? That's nice to think of."

But Evelyn blushed suddenly and inexplicably. She put up her hand to draw out the hat pins that had heads of great round, defiant-looking amber, and then she dropped her arms again, and tried to stop blushing.

"No, I'm afraid I'm not going to stay! I only came to see Uncle Randolph on very important business—most important."

She tried to go on, then laughed and blushed again, and finally thrust out her left hand

under the eyes of the wondering old woman. On the third finger there flashed and sparkled a half hoop of diamonds. Mrs. Kittleby cast a look at it, then with bewilderment the same look travelled to Evelyn's delightful countenance.

"La, miss, you don't say—you can't mean—and you in school yet!"

Evelyn snatched back the hand hastily, and her face grew a deeper colour.

"Why, I left school last year!" she said with excusable indignation. "I'm nearly nineteen!"

"La, miss, and I do beg your pardon. I ought to have known, but you look so young yet! I'm sure I wish you happy. Is he—what kind of a young gentleman is he?"

Evelyn flashed a smile at her.

"He's the very best and dearest man that ever lived. He's a hundred times too good for me. I've had to come to get Uncle Randolph's consent, because he's my guardian, and I can't marry without it till I'm of age. But of course he can't make the faintest objection!"

"That I'm sure he won't. Your great uncle is a just gentleman. And he'll be glad to see you well married, miss, if I may say so, you an orphan young lady, and all, and he to look after you. As long as the gentleman's a gentleman, and a good upright man, I don't see as Mr. Hanway can make a bit of objection."

"Oh, of course, he's all that!" Evelyn was slightly affronted. "He's got a big place in Dorsetshire, and they are all right. And, of course, he's an angel! But I'm a little bit afraid of Uncle Randolph, Mrs. Kittleby. You see I never have known him, and I only met him to-day, and somehow—somehow—" she hesitated. "Is he always so grave and so silent?"

Mrs. Kittleby coughed. It was, perhaps, to give herself time to frame an answer.

"Well, you see, miss, living alone so long, and no ladies—and that! You can see he's a regular old bachelor, and he never was one for much talking. The Lord means all men to marry, that's my opinion! They do get so pernickerty and cut-wrong-way, if there isn't a missus over 'em! But the master's as kind as kind, and it stands to reason he won't want to make any objection to your marryin'."

Evelyn drew a sigh. She smiled on Mrs. Kittleby as she made her way to the door, and when that door had closed on her she cast a look round her new surroundings. There were two long windows, with long green curtains, and a high fireplace, a little carved in low relief, with a fox and a pack of hounds in full cry, and a church steeple. There was the wide bed with the chintz curtains, and the Chippendale dressing-table and washstand and chest of drawers.

"They would positively make anybody's mouth water," said Evelyn to herself, as she opened her dress hamper and began to take out and carefully shake her blouses. "The room must look exactly the same as when my great-great-grandmother lived in it!" She hummed to herself as she took out skirts, and rather ruefully examined creases. "Packing does ruin one's things! And, goodness me! Is that tiny cupboard in the wall the only thing I have to put my frocks in! It won't hold more than three, and I've nearly a dozen! I suppose it was built for skirts so narrow you had to have them pulled down over you, and bodices that weren't worth mentioning!" She hung skirt after skirt on the pegs inside the panel doors, and still a pile lay on the bed and there was no disposing of them.

"Really! I don't think I care for the Chippendale period," she said to herself, a little ruffled. Then her eye lit on the top of a door, half concealed behind the dusky mahogany washstand, with its tray top and its brass handles. "Why, there's another cupboard there, not used. I'll move the washstand over to the other corner, and open it. It's quite evident Uncle Randolph—great-uncle Randolph, never had any women living with him!"

She exerted all her young strength, and dragged away the heavy washstand. There was such a deposit of dust behind it that she struck her hands together with disgust, and knocked it off, thinking that old bachelor households did not command careful housemaids. The door behind stood exposed. It must be years since the washstand was moved, she thought in disdain, for the mark of its top showed brown against the faded paint. She tried the door. It was locked. That did not daunt her. Old-fashioned locks were all alike. She crossed the room, and took the key from the door that led into the corridor.

At first it would not turn in the lock. Another girl might have given up the struggle. Not so Evelyn. She was spurred to stronger resolve. She drew out the rusty key, and oiled it with the oil for her bicycle. When she

put it in again it turned gratingly, and her struggles and shakes at last made it click satisfactorily. The door was unlocked! Now to open it, and hang up her frocks inside the cupboard!

For a second the long-locked door resisted her efforts. Then with a sudden start it yielded. Her shoulder was against it, and she was pushing with all her force. The sudden movement nearly sent her sprawling on the floor.

She regained her balance with a hasty shake of her young lithe body. But as she stood erect, her eyes opened wide, and she felt a thrill of positive amazement steal through her. It was no cupboard that lay behind the closed door, but a room—a room so strange, so unexpected, that she almost rubbed her eyes, believing they could not see aright. It was so bewildering. She looked into another room, a bedroom, about the same size as the room behind her. But why had it been locked up for ages and ages? Why was the dust so thick on the floor that she could not see the pattern of the carpet, except where her own foot had slid upon it? Why were the pink curtains at the window falling to rags with their own weight—while the folds of dust lay grey upon them?

Was that a bed—why, surely, it had been slept in! Cover of dainty dimity that might once have been white, flung back over the foot of it. Patchwork quilt of silk and satin, in a heap on the floor beside it. Standing there, with the handle of the door in her hand fearing—wondering—Evelyn could see on the dust-laden sheets the impress of a form, on the crumpled pillow the imprint of a head that had lain on it. Her dismayed glance wandered round the room. A woman! It had been a woman's room—a lady's. For, on the dressing table, with its blurred polish and its tarnished handles, lay a small comb and brush, and a filmy lace scarf, rotting to fragments and brown with dust, lay across the back of a chair. The hand-glass was face downwards.

What was that at the bedside—a little mound of drifted dust? Something small and of a curious shape. She craned forward nearer, but still she could not make it out. Then curiosity overcame her. She dropped the door handle, and she stepped gingerly across the dust-deep floor, holding her skirts up from the contamination. She picked up the thing that lay like a little lump on the carpet. To her increasing astonishment it was a tiny shoe—a shoe such as they wore long, long ago, a blue silk shoe, embroidered with tarnished, faded gold, and a long limp elastic sandal



"On the third finger there flashed and sparkled a half hoop of diamonds"—p. 518.

dangling from it. What was that on the shoe-sole and the heel? She rubbed it with her finger, and there scaled off the dried mud of more than half a century. A little silk slipper, once blue, and gold embroidered, covered with ugly mud! What was it? Softly she put the shoe down, and softly she went back to her own room, and shut the door behind her. What was the dire secret that lay in there? What tragedy had those walls seen?

She was stooping over the heavy washstand, trying to drag it back, when the door of her room opened. She had not heard the knock that sounded twice. It was Mrs. Kittleby.

"Miss Evelyn! What *are* you doing? That door mustn't be touched. The washstand mustn't be meddled with. It's stood there these sixty years and more. It's never moved on any account."

"So I should imagine," said Evelyn rather dryly. "I wanted a cupboard for the rest of my frocks, and I opened that door to see if there was one behind it."

"You opened the door! The door of the Shut Room! Oh, Miss Evelyn! And where did you get a key? Oh, miss, it shouldn't never have happened. I've lived in this house girl and woman these fifty years, and I've never known anybody dare to lay hands on it!"

"Ought I not to have gone in? I'm very sorry. I never supposed there was anything wrong in it. The key from the other door fitted it."

"Lor, miss! and this room hasn't been slept in for as long as I remember. But I thought it would be a nice room for a young lady, looking down into the rose garden. Oh dear, oh dear, and the door into the corridor's fastened across with boards! I never knew this was left open."

She swayed to and fro in her distress. Evelyn felt it incumbent to comfort her.

"Never mind, I'm sorry if it was meant to be kept shut. But I didn't do any harm. I shut it again as soon as I saw what a ghostly old room it was."

Mrs. Kittleby seemed to hesitate. Then she said with self-consciousness: "And did you see anything queer, miss? If you've been in, there can't be harm in asking. That door's been closed and fastened up since the day I first came into this house, and all I know is what my mother told me. She was housekeeper before me. God made me a woman, Miss Evelyn, so I don't blame myself for curiosity."

"Oh, there wasn't much to see. Heaps of dust, and things falling to bits! It had been a pretty room once, I should say."

"It was the master's mother's once. She died before he was grown up," interpolated Mrs. Kittleby.

"Well, did he shut it up when she died? Was that her slipper by the bed, then?"

Mrs. Kittleby bent forward with held breath, and eyes that were staring.

"A slipper! A little silk slipper? Did you see that, miss? Then it's all true that my mother told me. And the bed thrown back and all just as she lay in it? Well, well! To think as any eyes should see it!"

"What was it? Tell me! I'm one of the family, you know. I've got the Hanway blood in me. Tell me! Was it anything awful?"

Mrs. Kittleby stood for a moment in hesitation. Evelyn pursed up her lips with her most coaxing expression. Then Mrs. Kittleby's hunger for gossip constrained her.

"After all, you're one of the family, as you say true, Miss Evelyn. There can't be harm in your knowin'. But don't you ever, while you live, tell the master what you saw, or ask him a word about it."

"I won't, I won't, truly. Now tell me, there's a good Mrs. Kittleby."

Mrs. Kittleby took the chair Evelyn motioned to, and spread her hands out over her black silk dress with a long breath.

"Well, you see, miss, it was this way. The master was gay and dashing and handsome, sixty years ago—he's past eighty now, though you wouldn't think it, and him so hale and hearty! He fell in love with a beautiful lady in the south. She was promised to another man, but it was her family's choice, and she hated him. She never give her consent, but she was to be married for all that. Those was days when young people didn't pick and choose for themselves. Their parents had rule over them. Well, my mother she told me that the master was frantic. They got to see each other, some ways—there's always a way when there's a lover. And they made up their minds that Gretna Green was the only way for it. I can't say how they managed the getting off. No living soul but the master knows that now, and the secret'll go down to the grave with him. But get away they did, and off for Gretna Green they goes, post horses and post chaise, postillions flogging, as you may think, miss. The master'd bribed them well to lay the horses to the ground. He was always full of fire, even when I first knew him."

"Well, my mother's told me time and time again how one wild stormy night, when it was near twelve o'clock, the house was roused by furious knocking. She and the butler got on

some things, and went down to the great hall, but they thought as the door'd be down before they could get it open. I've often heard my mother say how she jumped when into the hall strode the master with that swinging step of his, and over his arm there lay the sweetest little lady as she ever set eyes on, half dead with fright and travelling.

"The master he says to her as soon as he caught sight of her, 'Here, Sally, show the way to my mother's room, and warm the bed, and make the fire. Look after her till I come back. The chaise broke down four miles from here, and I rode one horse here, the other died in the road.'

"My mother she ran up before him with her rush-light, and she had the fire lit and the candles in the sconces, as soon as he had mounted the stairs with the young lady. The bed was aired all right. My mother she was always a little put out when she thought he should have been afraid to sleep in any bed she had the care of! They warmed the bed, and threw open the clothes, and put her right between them. The young lady opened her eyes, as they brought some hot milk for her, and she put her arms round the master's neck as he stood there by the bed, and she clung fast to him. He kissed her as if he couldn't tear himself away, and then he said to my mother at the door as he went out: 'Look after her! Look after her! We were on the way to Gretna Green, but fate stopped us. It was luck that landed us so close to this house, but she shall never leave it now, or evil tongues would wag at her, my sweetheart. I'm off to Cheddlemoor to rouse up the parson and bring him back and make him marry us. I'll bring him back if it was by the scruff of his big red neck. I swear I'll strangle him if he doesn't marry us!'

"He went off down the stairs, and my mother heard the front door clang. She knew he'd bring the parson back with him, for nobody ever dared to gainsay Master Randolph.

"The beautiful young lady cried a bit, and then she slept a little. All of a sudden, as my mother sat by her side, there came a mighty noise up through the sleeping house, and cries and shouts and footsteps. Before my mother could get out of her chair the bedroom door burst open, and there was the butler, held by the neck, and forced ahead by a black-faced man, with his teeth set, and his evil eyes flashing.

"'So it's here, is it?' he cried out, and let the butler go reeling against the wall, as he strode in on the young lady and my mother.

The young lady sat up screaming with fear and anguish. 'Oh! father! Oh, Henry!' was all she said, as they dragged her out of the bed, and flung her riding cloak round her. 'You hussy!' says the man with the set teeth. 'So we've caught you in time, have we? Where's the snivelling sneak that ran off with you? Gad! he's as well in hiding, or I'd run my rapier through him!'

"The young lady cried out again, but one of them threw his handkerchief round her mouth, and tied it. He lifted her up, and they tramped out of the room, and down the stairs, and my mother, sitting there half dead with fright, heard the sound of horses galloping down the avenue. She sat there with her apron over her head, she never knew how long, till someone called her from the passage. There was Master Randolph and the parson in his bands and gown. She didn't know how she got words to tell him. He dashed down the stairs with an awful face, and went out into the darkness.

"It was a week before he came back. Then my mother said she would never have known him. He was like a ghost, and he never laughed or smiled from that hour. When she ventured to falter out a question he stopped her with a lift of his hand. 'Hush!' he said. 'Don't speak of it to me while you live. That's over! She's married the man she was promised to. Her father sent me a letter to say it was with her own consent, and she signed her name to it. Shut up the room! Don't touch it! Leave everything as it stands. I wash my life of it.' And with his own hands he set his great red seal on the door when it was locked, and nailed the boards across it. That's the story of the Shut Room, Miss Evelyn, as my mother told it to me."

"And was that all? Oh, Mrs. Kittleby, was that the whole story? Is she alive now? Or did she die? Oh, how could she, how could she?"

"I did hear tell as she died when her first baby was born, but I never knew if it was true or not. Leastways, people say a night of things that can't be proved when you get at them. But the master, he's never married. There's never been a woman inside these doors but your dear mother, miss, till you've come to-day."

Evelyn's eyes were on the closed door with a yearning look.

"Oh, to think of her there, and poor great-uncle Randolph riding out into the night, and coming back to find her gone. How could she, how could she?"

It was at this minute that a far-off bell rang.

and Mrs. Kittleby scrambled guiltily to her feet. "The dressing bell, miss, and me a chattering here. Whatever!" and she pattered to the door with her quick feet, and left Evelyn to her own reflections.

Downstairs, when she came a little shyly through the long dusky silent passages, and into the big dreary drawing-room, she saw an old man, a very old man, bent and thin, in evening dress, by the fireplace. He came forward and kissed her kindly. He must have been a handsome man once, great-uncle Randolph! There were traces of it still in the faded blue eyes, and the gaunt nose with its majestic outline. Evelyn felt a little in awe of him, as she held up her face dutifully for his kiss. How time changed people. All through their rather silent dinner she kept furtively watching her great-uncle as he took his soup and his fish. She was trying to imagine him young and gallant and dashing, and imagination refused to help her.

It was a solemn stately meal, with the silent men-servants in their dark livery, and that strong old figure, like a tough gnarled tree, at the head of the table. He tried kindly to make conversation for her, but it was easy to see it was an effort. In the drawing-room afterwards, when he came in and found her rather drearily looking at old books of beauty he tried to rouse himself a little.

"There's a piano over there," he said, pointing to an old piece of furniture in the dusky corner that the lamps did not reach. "My mother, it belonged to. Do you play, eh? But I expect it's no use, now. Too long left idle."

"I do play," Evelyn said. "But, Uncle Randolph, will you sit down and let me talk to you a little bit? I've something to ask you, something very important that I want your leave for." She blushed so that it seemed to her he must understand. But instead he sank into the big chair near hers and patted one of his thin alabaster-looking hands on the other.

"Eh? Something about your money? Want to do something with it before you're of age? Well, I don't know, I must consider."

"No, no, not money! Something a great deal more important. The fact is, uncle, somebody wants to marry me, and I want to marry him, but I know, I must have your consent before there's an engagement. Please do give it, Uncle Randolph! I do so want it."

For a moment, as she looked at him beseechingly, it seemed to her that a flash of a look passed over him, a look of pain, of sharp

anguish. Then he controlled himself. He smiled a little grimly and said: "Oh, want to get married? That's it. Well, I must know something about the young fellow."

"Oh, you'll like him. You can't help it. Everybody does. He's the very nicest man that ever lived. And so clever!"

"Well, well, that's all right enough, but how's he going to keep you? Has he got any money?"

"Money!"—that seemed to her such a very small consideration—"Oh, yes, of course. His father was a rich man, and he's come into the property."

Her uncle smiled again, with that dry way he had. "Well, well, I must make inquiries about him. I dare say it can be managed. I'll find out everything. What's his name, to begin with?"

"Oswald Desterton." And as she said it her great-uncle flung from his knee the hand she had timidly laid there, and rose up to his feet, towering to his full height, with a look so furious, so enraged, that she quailed before him.

"Desterton? Not Desterton of Bramley Court? Curse him! Curse him!"

"Uncle Randolph!" She had got up from her chair too, and faced him, white and appalled. "What do you mean? You don't know him?"

"Know him! Know the breed that ruined life for me, and made it empty! Know him! I know him root and branch, both sides of the house are rotten. Sooner than see you the wife of a Desterton, I'd lay you in your coffin! So I would to any of my blood that mated with a Desterton!"

"Uncle! You can't know what you are saying!" Desperately she tried to stem the wild words that poured from him. "What have they ever done to you? Why should you hate them?" He put out his long lean hand and gripped hers.

"Because his grandfather stole the woman I loved from me! Because his grandmother lied to me when she said she loved me! Not as long as the world stands will I let a relative of mine marry a Desterton! Forget this folly. I'll send the man his *cong  *, and you shall!" Then, as Evelyn made a gesture of wild protest he silenced her again. "You are not of age. You are under my guardianship. Even when that's over, if you have anything to do with that fellow I'll cut you off from your inheritance, and my curse will be upon you!"

She had never seen a man insane with passion before. She trembled before him.

"I'll go back to aunt," she faltered. "I'll leave your house, uncle!"

But the hand that clutched her wrist tightened on it. "You'll stay here. You shall not leave my roof, unless you promise to hold no more communication with that fellow," and as Evelyn resolutely answered, "I shall never give him up," he shook her hand with an almost savage pressure and turned from her.

She heard the door slam behind him. She heard his hasty steps down the passage. Then there was nothing but silence, and the wild injured beating of her own heart, as she stood alone in the great drawing-room.

It was the afternoon of the next day. Evelyn and her great-uncle had not met. When she came down to breakfast he had finished his, and gone out riding. The old butler told her that the master had ridden to a distant farm, and would not be back till evening. Evelyn sat down to write her burning heart out in a letter to Oswald. She told him of her uncle's refusal, and what he had said. "But as long as I live I'll be true to you, Oswald, and I'll be of age in two years. What do I care for his old money!" Hardly had she despatched it when the post came in, and a letter in Oswald's beloved writing was brought to her. She seized it, and tore it open.

"MY DARLING EVELYN,

"I'm eager to hear how you got to your destination, and whether the great-uncle was rusty. Meantime, I've just had a curious find in one of the cellars that hasn't been routed out since the days of my grandfather. A big packing-case, old and brown, addressed to your self-same great-uncle! Queer, isn't it? I dimly remember my father telling me once that my grandfather hated the very name of Hanway. Funny taste on his part! I've asked all the oldest servants, and one says she has some dim idea that the case was put there by my grandfather, and left. Anyway, the time's come to send it to the rightful owner, and I've despatched it by rail to your station. I'm glad to have a chance of disposing of the old man in my favour."

Randolph Hanway rode over the moors and fells with his old heart set like a flint, and his anger smouldering. The grandson of those who had betrayed! *Her* grandson! It was an hour full of ironical fate. He had the whip in his own hand now, and the Desterton blood should feel the slash of it.

He was riding slowly back homewards in the late summer afternoon when he saw a cart toiling over the brown moor road, with some-

thing big and broad inside it. As the driver who walked by the side came nearer, he drew up, and touched his hat to the master.

"Hello? What's that, eh?"

"A box for the house, please your honour. It be come by rail, and they sent I from station."

Hanway's brows knit. "I don't expect anything," he said, regarding the box with suspicion. "Just break it open, will you? Have you got a hammer with you? If it's nothing I've ordered I'll send it back to the station. No good to cart it to the house, and then have to send it all the way back."

The man took a hammer out of the bag at the back of the cart and began to break open the old time-stained boards. Hanway dismounted, and tied his horse to the stone wall near. He stood and waited. The man broke one board off, then he spit on his hands and grunted.

"I'll want a chisel for this," he said. "I'll run back to the farm down along, and borrow one."

He made off over the short crisp grass that edged the heather. The smiling moor was fragrant with thyme and heather bells. A lark sang above the brown unripe hedges. The wide sky stretched over. Hanway stood impatient.

"I could do it myself with a hammer!" he said, annoyed. And he stepped forward and dragged at the half-loosened boards. As he tugged something fell out upon the wide moor before him. He stopped to pick it from the ground in a daze of stupefied amazement.

It was a little silk shoe, that had once been blue, but was grievously faded. From it dangled a long, limp, frayed elastic sandal. There was a dim brown stain on the silk, where mud had been, and the gold threads of the embroidery were much tarnished. As he stared at it he saw that a yellowed paper was tucked inside the shoe, and that there was faded writing on it. Mechanically, but trembling from head to foot, he drew the paper out and spread it open.

It was in her writing. The writing he had never seen since she wrote to set the hour for their elopement! Her writing, but alas! how shaken, how blurred. Trembling he read it.

"My love, my love, the one love of my life. I am dying, and I am so glad to die! What is life without you! Only my baby boy makes me want to live, but it is better, better! Heart of my heart! Did you think me unfaithful? Never, never! My father was dishonoured if I did not

marry the man they forced me to marry. I did it to save him. I never loved but you, I will love you through eternity. I send my portrait, it will come when I am dead, and he is not wronged by it. And the shoe, the shoe you kissed that night! I left the other with my heart behind me when they dragged me from you, Randolph.

was looking into the face of his long-dead sweetheart.

The shoe was at his feet, the shoe he had kissed. He fell on his knees on the wide moor, with only the heavens to see him. He bent and kissed the tiny faded shoe again, silently. But his heart was full to bursting. All the pent-in resentment and fury of a lifetime passed



"'They may marry, those children,' he said."

Forgive those who so hurt us. I have learned to forgive.—Your own ARBELL."

The letter dropped fluttering to the brown earth beside the shoe that lay there. With a gasp the old man caught away the cloth that covered the tall thing inside the case. Her face looked out at him. It was her smile, her eyes, the very white frock she had worn, the blue ribbon. For an instant the world and the sky faded from him. He

from him, and left him broken and shaking. As he knelt there before the little shoe his heart was melted within him.

"They may marry, those children," he said, as if he spoke to her. "For your sake, for your sake, Arbell, my little love, who was never false to me!"

And the lark sang in high heaven, and the bees hummed over the heather blossoms, and the sunset glow stained all the earth about him. It was as if his old love smiled to hear him.





(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

SUNDAY AFTERNOON TEA AT WHITEFIELD'S CENTRAL MISSION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

Young Men in London.

By A. FENNER BROCKWAY.

LONDON has a unique fascination for young men. Exactly what that fascination is it would be impossible to say. The ceaseless activity of life and the ardent battle for success are attractive to the eager and vigorous nature of a strong young man; the boundless opportunities entice the ambitious; the pleasures and gaiety allure the youth of the country village where existence has been grey and dull.

But when all that has been said the magnetic force of London has not been described. There is an "atmosphere" about London that is lacking elsewhere. And it is this pervading influence more than anything else that attracts thousands of young men to the world's capital every year. They come in spite of warning, in spite of dissuasion. A small proportion live to thank the day that brought them to the great city, but the great majority struggle on year after year with little hope of success and little reward, whilst many—and the number is realised by few, for such cases are not advertised—completely break down,

either under the incessant strain of business competition or the moral dangers that beset them on every hand.

There are few villages in the United Kingdom which have not seen the young man, who left with such promise two or three years previously, return a wreck, physically, spiritually, and morally.

If London has a unique fascination for young men it also is unique in its dangers. Without a strong moral support a young man in Central London is hopeless. The temptations cannot but overwhelm him if he has not something to fall back upon. The extent of the immorality in the west central districts can only be known to those who live in the midst of it, and who freely mix with young men. Personally I have conversed with a large number of young men who have at first appeared to be eminently respectable and of blameless character, but when I have come to know them better I have found lives that would break the hearts of their mothers if they but knew of them. And some of these young men have been connected with the churches.



THE READING ROOM AT THE CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.

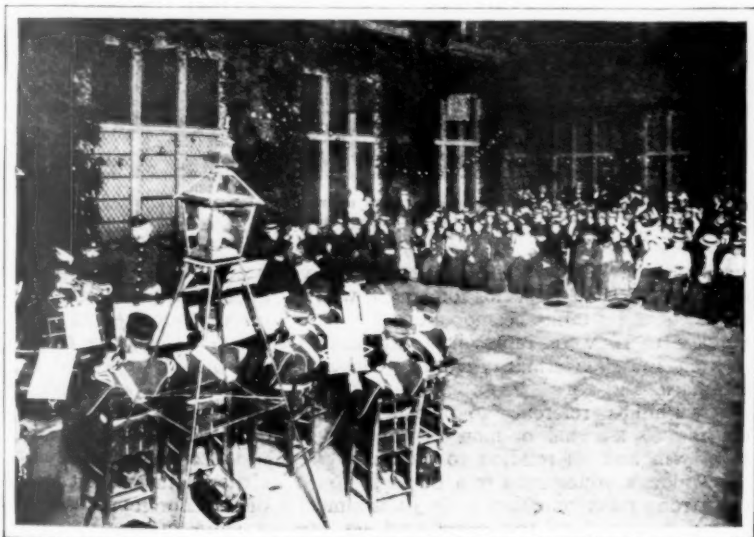
attending services and even aiding in the secular side of the work.

When this is realised the necessity for Christian work that attracts and holds young men is apparent. At the present time there are eighty thousand young men in London, and, to put the figure at the highest, not more than 18 per cent. of these regularly attend church services.

The Rev. Thomas Phillips, of Bloomsbury Central Mission, recently sent out five hundred letters to young men who did not attend churches, asking them "frankly and straightforwardly to state, why you think so many young men fight shy of our places of worship." He had nearly three hundred replies, and it is worthy of

note that, although the letters were sent out when the "New Theology" controversy was at its height, only one reply dealt with theology. The social conditions were in nearly every case given as the reason of abstention.

"A young fellow's career in London depends altogether on the circle into which he falls," said Mr. Phillips to me. "The letters I received suggested that the



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

AN ILLUMINATED CONCERT IN THE OPEN AIR AT TOYNBEE HALL.

religiously minded young men were more reserved than other fellows. Thus it was more easy for the stranger to fall into a careless than a serious set. All the letters were unanimous in saying that the first month in London settles a man's whole future."

Mr. Phillips answered the questions raised in the letters one Sunday evening, and the church was crowded with young men.

"A great many have come ever since," said Mr. Phillips. "That is the happiest feature of the church work here. When I came we were in touch with hardly any business houses whatever, but now there is scarcely one, from Shoreditch to Westbourne Grove, where we have not a representative ready to help the newcomer."

"Another pleasing feature is the foreign constituency. At our social on Sunday we have a special table for foreigners, which is called the 'table cosmopolitane.' Last Sunday there were representatives around it from France, Germany, Holland, Austria, Denmark, and Russia."

Mr. Phillips' reference to business houses led me to ask his opinion of the living-in system and its relation to morality.

"Unless a young man in a business house has strong religious convictions, he is almost bound to get into the swim and go the way of the majority. What this is may be inferred from the fact that in one large house

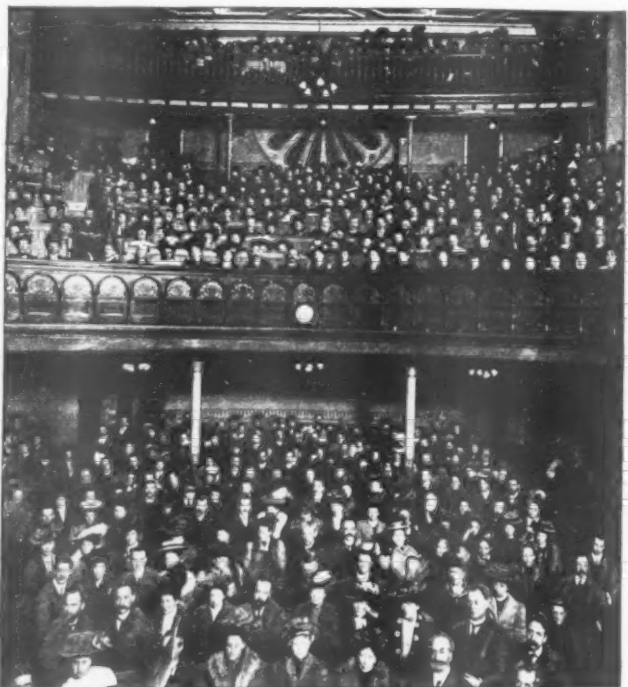
containing over 400 men, the men known to be Christians do not number a dozen. I learned that from one of the dozen. And this in spite of the fact that a large number come from Christian homes, from churches and chapels, many intending when they arrive in town to stand firm for the right, yet soon yielding to the 'atmosphere' of the house. In this connection the moral atmosphere of Central London, it must be remembered, has of late years become a

serious rival to Paris for that questionable distinction of being the gayest city in the world."

"And how is this state of affairs to be met?"

"We must give the young men a pure atmosphere."

It is so terribly easy for a young man, when once he has drifted from the moorings, to be swept away by the current and be drawn down. Hence the



AN AUDIENCE IN BLOOMSBURY BAPTIST MISSION AT A SATURDAY NIGHT CONCERT ORGANISED BY MR. F. A. ATKINS.

need of 'Bloomsbury,' the provision of another atmosphere, pure and bracing; a place where he will be reminded of home; where he will be brought into touch with the highest and best things, where he will recover his poise and be reinvigorated for the struggle."

Mr. Phillips recognises that young men need social and recreative enjoyment, and although there is not sufficient accommodation on the church premises to provide an institute, a suite of rooms has been hired in New Oxford Street and fitted up as a club. These are beautifully home-like, and are

open to young people every evening from 5 o'clock till 10.30, and on Sundays from 2.30 till 11.

Another church which has gathered a strong band of young men around it is Whitefield's Central Mission in the Tottenham Court Road, where the Rev. C. Silvester Horne carries on his remarkable work. I asked Mr. Horne the reason of the popularity of Whitefield's among young people. He put it down to its universality.

"We try to attract every side of a young man's nature," he said, "and of all kinds of natures. When the churches have succeeded in doing that we shall not find young men cold to the churches. There are scarcely two men at Whitefield's who are primarily attracted by the same work. Some enjoy the Men's Meeting, some welcome the athletic side of our organisations, some are attracted by our discussion classes, others by the literary and mutual improvement societies, still others by the Male Voice Choir, whilst all unite in the praise of our institute, which has been a home from home for hundreds of young people. The great difference between our efforts to meet the needs of young men and those made by the Y.M.C.A. is that we mix the sexes. Our system has its dangers, I will admit, but its advantages wholly outweigh the risk. After all it is but natural and normal that young men should enjoy conversation with young ladies, and if they cannot meet under the healthy and pure atmosphere of Whitefield's they are likely to make acquaintances in the street who are wholly undesirable."

"You have been criticised, Mr. Horne, for supplying tea and refreshments on Sundays."

"Only by those who do not understand our position. The business houses will deny that they shut their employees out all Sunday, but virtually they do so. If the young men go back to their quarters for meals they get a very poor reception and such bad food that they will not repeat the experiment. What does this mean? That hundreds of young men and girls can only obtain their meals from low-class restaurants and public-houses. It is quite a common thing to see well-dressed young men and girls enter a public-house on Sunday. Which is better—that they should have their meals in the very undesirable surroundings I have mentioned or under the entirely wholesome conditions at Whitefield's?"

Mr. Horne agreed with Mr. Phillips in

his criticism of the living-in system of the large business houses.

"The system is a distinct encouragement to immorality," he said. "It is barely defensible with young apprentices, but in the case of the older men it is to be wholly condemned. Marriage is forbidden, and it is not surprising that one hears of widespread vice among this type of workers. Besides, it takes away that which is the right of every man—the privileges of citizenship."

The most widespread work for young men in London is that of the Young Men's Christian Association. I obtained an excellent account of the work of this gigantic association in London from Mr. Putterill, secretary of the London central organisation, and I cannot do better than repeat his own words.

"We are a missionary agency primarily," he said, "for reaching young men who are not touched by the churches. While that is the chief purpose of our Association it has a great many more sides than that. We are not content with catching a man, and bringing him into the kingdom of Jesus Christ, but we try to train him for Christian service. Many of our young men become ministers, missionaries, Sunday school teachers, and Bible class leaders.

"And the work is not only missionary but preventive. We say it is better for us to get hold of a young fellow as he starts on life than to go out for him after he has gone astray. Therefore we strive to reach young men as they begin life in London. Dean Farrar once said that the first twenty-four hours of a lad's life in London determine his eternal destiny. Whilst that is an exaggeration it emphasises a great truth. The first thing we do for them is to see that each has good comfortable lodgings. Our seventy societies in London last year dealt with more than 4,000 applications for lodgings. One of the greatest problems of the day is how best to help the hundreds of young men who every year come to the metropolis and enter the civil service and other large offices, receiving from fifteen to seventeen shillings a week, and who are obliged to live on that income. This problem the Y.M.C.A. is seeking to solve in connection with a great building enterprise. In our new premises in Tottenham Court Road a young fellow will be able to get a bedroom for five shillings a week, with use of splendid club rooms. Food will be obtainable on

very low terms at a properly equipped restaurant."

"You have also an educational side to the work, have you not?" I interposed.

"We seek, by classes of instruction," replied Mr. Putterill, "to give young men who are starting in life an educational equipment that shall enable them to mount easier the rungs of the ladder of success. The majority of young men enter London life when fourteen or fifteen years of age, just when education becomes most valuable. Last winter we had more than 3,200 entries in our educational classes—practically the work of a university, a business university for men."

"Have you any entrance tests?"

"As long as the fellow is of good moral character he can enter. There is no restriction to class or creed. All the advantages of the Association are open to any young man who can produce a reference of a satisfactory character. Membership is only open to those who are Christians, but the advantages are given to all. Experience proves that young men can best be reached by young men. At church if the sermon exceeds twenty minutes the sceptic grumbles, but if you put a young man, who lives a consistent Christian life, in his home, in his office, in his club, or side by side with him in the class room—that companion is going to preach to him for eight or ten hours every day."

The question of lodgings was rightly emphasised by Mr. Putterill. Any young man who has had much experience of the London landlady will agree that there is much that is unpleasant in this side of London life. The kindly provincial dame who makes lodgings a second home, and who becomes a second mother to her young guest, is an unknown quantity in London. "Furnished apartments" is purely a business in the metropolis, conducted without sentiment and solely for profit. Money is made on every article that is supplied to the lodger. Meals are practically as dear as at a restaurant, coal, wood and gas appear prominently on each week's bill in spite of the assurance that there are "no extras," whilst at some houses the use of mustard, salt and pepper is even charged.

The leaders at Bloomsbury Central Mission realised the "bleeding" practice of London landladies several years ago and started a home for young men, which is now carried on independently of the church but largely controlled by the deacons. Bloomsbury

House is situated at the back of Southampton Row, in quiet surroundings overlooking the pleasant gardens of Queen Square, yet within easy reach of the City. Here ninety young men live at what may be described as a residential club. The members pay from seven shillings to thirteen shillings and sixpence per week, according to the bedroom accommodation required, and this with the use of splendid club-rooms, including billiard-room, library, and lounge, literary and debating societies, chess and draughts clubs, and an athletic society of which cricket, football, swimming, gymnastic, and cycling clubs are attractive features. A medical officer visits the institution periodically and inspects and reports on its general sanitary condition. No bedroom has more than two occupants.

I cannot refer at any length to the work of the Regent Street Polytechnic, but an article on Young Men in London would be sadly incomplete without mention of this wonderful institution. It is an evening university for London's workers.

To see young men at their best I would advise the reader to visit one of the East London settlements. Toynbee Hall is typical. Here three hundred men, most of whom have passed through a university career, study the conditions of the poor by living with them and sharing their life and their lot. Thus they obtain a knowledge of social questions which would be unattainable by any other means. A member of the settlement is permitted to take up any kind of work amongst the poor he wishes. Some take charge of clubs for men and boys; some are managers of the elementary and secondary schools of the district; still others serve on the local committee formed for administering the unemployment act. I was not surprised to learn that past residents of Toynbee Hall now occupy leading positions in politics and in all spheres that touch the social conditions of the people. The Secretary for Scotland, the Right Hon. John Sinclair, was at one time a member of the settlement, whilst many members of Parliament have been in residence.

Toynbee Hall was one of the most hopeful features in the life of young men in London I witnessed. It showed that there are still young men who are ready to live lives of self-sacrificing devotion to those whose lot is placed amidst hard and bitter surroundings. And as long as that spirit is found in the hearts of young men London is not hopeless.

Seed Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

Fellow-Travellers.

*THEY are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
But trying to keep pace ;
If they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast ;
Or bruise some reed,
Or crush some hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault ; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way—
We will be patient while we may.*

* *

*ALL the forces of evil may come upon a
soul from without, and fail to shake it.
But the smallest evil within, that is loved and
desired and continued in, will accomplish
what the outside attack has failed in. The
only hopeless evil is the evil that we do not
hate, nor endeavour to escape from, but allow
to remain."*

* *

*A LONG train, with its precious freight
of human lives, was starting out from the
station of a great city. Steadily and surely
the engine-driver threaded his course amidst
the maze of terminal tracks, out into the open
country. He went on with confidence, be-
cause he knew that the track had been cleared
before him. Time tables had been worked out
with care and precision. The train despatcher
so arranged that all other trains should be out
of the way. The engine-driver had but to obey
his orders, and he would reach his destination
in safety.*

* *

*WITH equal confidence may we go on in the
path of duty. Difficulties and perplexities
may surround us, but the God who has com-
manded us to advance has, we may be certain,
cleared a track for us. Take the case of the
brave and resourceful Gideon and his band
of three hundred—every one of them a hero.
Right across their path was that countless
host of the Midianites. But Israel's Divine
Leader had made a way through. They had
but to obey Him, and their foes were put to
rout. In every command of God there is
wrapped up a pledge, in every precept a
promise. Whatever he bids us do, He will
enable us to accomplish. It matters not how
powerful are our foes, or how great the ob-*

stacles that confront us, once He gives us our
battle to fight, our task to perform, we move
forward with the confident step of the con-
queror.

* *

*SORROW can sometimes be selfish. It
is noble when a man makes a private
sorrow the call to a public service. And it is
noblest when it brings sympathy for others.
In the recently published Life of Dr. Barnardo
a touching incident is related in connection
with the death of Dr. Barnardo's son, aged
nine years. "Quite a crowd followed the
little coffin covered with flowers to its last
resting-place in Bow Cemetery. As they
neared the grave another coffin of a poor
child met them with not a wreath upon it.
Dr. Barnardo instantly took some of his own
child's blossoms and laid them tenderly upon
the flowerless bier." That was a lovely and
characteristic act.*

* *

*IT is hard, when bereavement has fallen
upon anyone, to look beyond one's own
grief. But, as Queen Victoria proved, the
best cure for one's personal sorrow is to strive
to brighten other lives. It will require a
very definite effort, for sorrow numbs one's
thought and action, but the effort must be
made for Christ's sake.*

* *

*IT is well to settle the greatest business of
one's life when the faculties of the mind
are clearest. A beautiful story of readiness
for the great change is thus related. It was
in a farmhouse high on the hillside. Within
an old man lay dying. Late in the evening
he had taken a turn for the worse, and his
daughter began to be afraid, knowing that on
such a night she could send for no one, either
doctor or minister, and fearing she might
have to face the Angel alone. Hour after hour
she watched and waited. She looked on the
grey locks that had once been black as the
raven, on the pale cheeks once red as berries,
on the strong, straight nose that still spoke
to her of all his strength and uprightness. Never
again, she murmured to herself, would she see
him in the little church bearing the vessels of
the Lord—the tallest, dearest figure among all.
"Father," she said at length, "wull I read a
chapter to ye?" But the old man was in
sore pain, and only moaned. She rose, how-
ever, and got the Book, and opened it.
"Father," she said again, "what chapter
wull I read to ye?" "Na, na, lassie," he*

said; "the storm's up noo; I theekit (thatched) my hoosie in the calm weather." And thereafter she waited without fear.

* *

WHAT wonderful sympathy can be conveyed by a hand-shake! It is said that in the recent war between Japan and Russia, a Japanese general had such an inspiring personality that his men came up to him and said, "Sire, give me a grasp of your all-conquering hand before we go into battle." Christ is ever ready to give us the strength of His companionship in the daily battles we have to fight.

* *

LIFE is full of competition. Even the trees in a forest stretch their branches forth so as to secure the maximum amount of sunshine. In their efforts they become gnarled and twisted. Men and women bear the marks of struggle, and well it is for us to remember that the battle is not always to the strong. Some people who are over-ambitious and eager to gain the prizes of life should take to heart the counsel conveyed in Jeremiah xlv. 5: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

* *

A MOTHER had been telling her child the story of Daniel in the evening, when she suddenly realised it might disturb her little daughter's dreams. "I am afraid you will dream of Daniel in the den of lions," she said, but her child replied naively, "If I dream about him, mother, *I shall leave out the lions.*" The story has a lesson for the over-anxious. It would be a good thing if they would decide to "leave out the lions" in their imaginings. God can, as in the case of Daniel, set a watch over the lions and preserve His servants from disaster. Let us "leave out the lions" in our anticipations of the future.

* *

NAPOLÉON understood human nature. He recognised the great truth, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and knew how to apply it, not only to himself and his own ambitious projects, but to other men as well. Moreover, he knew precisely the right moment to apply it to quicken the spark of divine energy which smoulders in every man, although the ashes of fatigue and failure may cover its light temporarily. A French soldier carried a despatch to Napoleon. Just as he delivered it into the hands of the Emperor his spent horse dropped dead. Napoleon wrote an answer to the despatch, then, dismounting from his own horse, he handed the bridle to the soldier. "Take this horse and ride, comrade," he said. "Nay, sire," stammered the soldier, gazing at the blooded horse and

its trappings. "It is too magnificent and grand for me, a common soldier." "Take it!" commanded Napoleon. "There is nothing too grand and magnificent for a soldier of France." The soldier mounted and rode away on his perilous business, ready and willing, and Napoleon's words, repeated through the ranks and columns of his army, gave to his tired troops fresh inspiration and energy. "Nothing too grand and magnificent for a soldier of France!" they said, and the thought that they were worthy of the best inspired them to the mighty deeds which followed.

* *

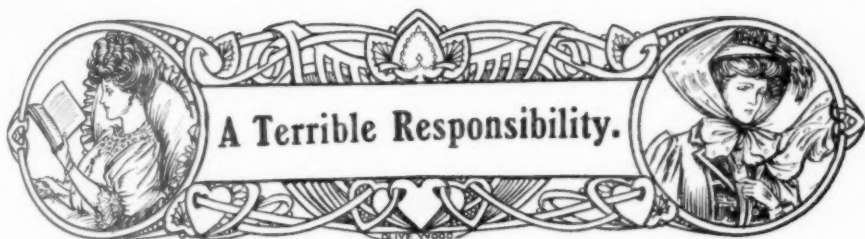
ONE hand can't clap alone," so runs the Arabic proverb, compacting truth and common sense into a sentence after the manner of proverbs. Some things must be done one at a time, it is true, and the one by one workers are invaluable. But other things require co-operation, and "two are better than one"; two may accomplish what one alone can never do.

* *

THERE is only one true path to true blessedness, and that is the path which Jesus Himself trod—the path of service. The great ideal of life is not what we can acquire, how much we can use men for the furtherance of our own ends, but how we can best invest our lives in service. But this ideal is impossible to the one who has not caught the transforming vision of Christ, and the secret springs of whose life have not been touched by the divine power. That is life's true birth hour. The prizes of life are alluring, and in the mad stampede of those around us we are in danger of thinking them the only things worth while. Let us not forget that our blessedness consists, not in what we have, but in what we are. And this is true not only of the individual; it is also true of the nation.

* *

WHEN you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption by the will of God—that is victory. When you can lovingly and patiently bear with any disorder, any irregularity, any unpunctuality, or any annoyance—that is victory. When you can stand face to face with waste, folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, and endure it all as Jesus endured it—that is victory. When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation, or to record your own good works, or to itch after commendations; when you can truly love to be unknown—that is victory. When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—that is victory.



A Complete Story.

By ANNIE BRUNLEES.

A STRANGE thing had happened in our uneventful hamlet of Milford Bridge. Somebody—the milkman was not clear *who* it was—had died, and the Misses Merryweather, of Yew Cottage, at the corner of the village High Street (the same old ladies who were known to turn their skirts and practise other distasteful economies), had been left well off, even rich.

An hour after they had received the intimation our neighbourhood rang with the news; Susie, their tiny maid-of-all-work, having confided it to the milkman as a profound secret. It reached me through the medium of my Hannah, just as I was breaking into my breakfast egg.

"An' Susie did tell Mr. Potts her missis was in tears, for nothin' but thinkin' of the sadness of money. 'My,' says Susie, 'I wish the luck 'ad come this way.' It's always some such manner we'd be arrangin' God Almighty's plans for Him," wound up Hannah, who was of an aggressively moral turn.

I swallowed a cup of tea hastily and put on my hat, feeling doubtful as to the truth of the gossip, but anxious lest my friends were in trouble of any kind. I knew and loved the Misses Merryweather, and had a strong idea that it was my business, as it was also my desire, to dry their tears. Indeed, Miss Margaret seemed to be waiting for me.

"I hardly know whether I ought to ask you in, dear; my sister is sadly upset."

I noticed a shadow on Miss Margaret's usually bright countenance, but before I could reply she had observed and enjoyed my new cotton frock and the wreath of roses round my hat.

"Bless you, child, you look as fresh as the morning," she said.

At that moment the parlour door opened, and I heard the elder sister's voice:

"Margaret, if that is Ella, bring her in. It's nothing we can't tell *her*."

So I went forward with a sense of relief.

"Then you are not ill, Miss Elizabeth?"

Miss Merryweather turned a mildly injured expression upon me, as though to forgive a heartlessness which was evidently unintentional.

"Ill? Dear me, child, no. I'm far, far worse. I'm *rich*."

I wanted to laugh. The two old sisters stood before me, pathetic figures anxiously expecting my condolence now the secret was told; yet it was useless trying to control a certain twitching of the lips or an unruly merriment in my eyes, so I put my arms round the dear elder lady and gave way to mirth outright. Fortunately, they were too preoccupied to notice my levity. I could hardly believe they were rich; it seemed like a delusion, someone else's joke, a mere figure of speech. Was it possible to imagine the Misses Merryweather in handsomely furnished rooms, or, indeed, anywhere but in that tiny parlour, clad in their shabby frocks?

"You see," said Miss Margaret, "Elizabeth thinks illness a normal occurrence sent for our benefit; but we've turned it over, thought of it every way, and we can't—we may be wrong, of course—we simply cannot see the slightest good, or pleasure, in being rich. The only thing is to find a way to get rid of the wretched money, only Elizabeth says, as it is ours, there's a terrible responsibility attached, and that it's not enough to give it to a good object—it must be the very best. Elizabeth found, when she went into objects, that some she had held in reverence aren't really desirable at all."

"No," agreed the other sister. "So many things seem to be pauperising the poor, and, though there *are* excellent institutions, I don't like leaving money in trust; my brother used to say it was sure to be diverted from its original purpose after hundreds of years. There's an orphanage I should dearly like to help, only they dress the girls in uniform. Now, I'm sure, morally speaking, that's wrong. We

were dressed so at school, weren't we, Margaret? And I know it developed temper in me. That was sheer self-defence, for we *looked* like a flock of sheep."

"Couldn't you think of something spiritual, if not temporal, to do with the money, Miss Merryweather?"

"Elizabeth did think," her sister replied, "of building a church, but then she saw how terrible it would be if it were not just the doctrine she holds that was preached. You know, dear, I'm not like that. I'm afraid I'm

I dropped into the nearest chair. I had been "the child" to my neighbours ever since I visited them in pinafores. I do not think it possible that I shall ever be anything else.

"It was my grandfather's money," began Miss Margaret. "He had a strong family feeling, of which we entirely approve. The fortune was to go the round of his grandchildren, starting, of course, with the boys; we were the only two girls. The capital can't be touched until it comes to the last grandchild—who must be either Elizabeth or me."



"Pathetic figures anxiously expecting my condolence."

not conscientious enough. When I meet a poor man I just give him a penny right off: I don't fancy I could help it if I tried. Elizabeth would imagine he might spend it in the public-house. I don't. I put up a little prayer that my good intentions may go aright, and I mayn't be a serpent in disguise."

"Will you explain to me—if it's not a rude question—how you *got* rich?" was my meek inquiry.

"So thoughtless of us!" cried Miss Margaret penitently. "Keeping you in suspense!"

"And never asking the dear child to sit down."

"But it is not yours yet, dear Miss Margaret, so the responsibility is in abeyance."

"When I die it will be hers," stated Miss Merryweather solemnly.

"Oh, Elizabeth, that we should have to speak of such topics! No doubt I shall leave earth first."

"We have both of us to decide how to spend the large income," said the elder; "also, it is our duty to provide for possibilities, even to make wills, since we might both pass away together."

"So your last cousin is dead?"

"Margaret, you *should* tell things in order: that news comes first in the story."

"Yes; and he was younger than we are: a big man, with a splendid constitution, too. We've only seen him once."

The old ladies sighed in unison, then Miss Elizabeth proceeded.

"Yesterday afternoon we were sitting working when a telegram came—fancy a telegram for us! It was from some old family friends at Flockton, which, as you know, is an easy railway journey from here. Margaret, what did they say?"

"I opened the telegram, and we found it referred to our cousin, whom we did not even know to be in England. It was evident he was staying with our friends. We learnt with concern that he was ill."

"Very ill."

"So ill, in fact, that his host wired he might die within a few hours. Do you know, dear, I thought it was putting it in a dreadfully presumptuous way, though I don't want to judge anybody harshly. The telegram was worded like this: 'Henry Fletcher will die here to-day. Can you come?' 'Die here to-day'! Was it not shocking?"

"Did you go?"

"No," replied Miss Elizabeth; "I couldn't manage the journey in my state of health. It was Susie's day off, and Margaret wouldn't leave me alone."

"And, after all," said Miss Margaret, "a strange cousin could hardly want us. I thought if the poor gentleman were dying I should be terribly in the way."

"But we wired apologies, then to ask, 'Is it all over?' reply paid. This morning, at breakfast, we had quite a curt telegram to say 'Yes.'"

"I'm sure Ella will think our present difficulty out for us," suggested Miss Margaret.

"You're so clever, dear."

I was absolutely determined that my old friends should use the income and end their days in comfort. So I set off next afternoon, plumed with all sorts of arguments for wealth; but, even before I reached their little garden gate, my spirits sank. I remembered other occasions when my mere worldliness had fallen dumb before their simplicity.

"Well?" they cried expectantly.

"I see only one way out of the charity business."

"There!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth.

Miss Margaret was less elated.

"It is—," she began dubiously.

"That you spend the income on yourselves first."

"My dear, we'd never be happy again; it should accumulate and add to the capital, in

the interest of someone or something most deserving. No; our contentment would all be gone."

There were tears in her eyes.

"Why would it?" I asked, feeling snubbed.

"You don't know the blessings of being poor," she replied, looking in rather a pitying manner at my new hat, or so I thought. "My dear child, when we were your age our father was rich. We could have anything we wanted, and we had. Wasn't it so, Elizabeth? Yes, and we were never satisfied. Suddenly we lost all. For fifteen years Elizabeth and I had to work for a miserable pittance, poorly clad, badly fed; then an uncle left us the little annuity which keeps us in simple comfort now. During those hard years people were sorer for us than there was need."

"How could they be that?" I asked.

"Because of the beautiful compensations," said Miss Margaret. "When trouble comes, dear, you learn your acquaintances' good points and your friends' hearts; it gives a wonderful view of human nature and the world."

"And see how happy we are in our little home," broke in Miss Elizabeth, trying to speak lightly. "When I was ill last spring, Margaret bought me a mignonette plant; if I had owned a dozen, or other flowers, perhaps I should not have cared. As it was, I loved and cherished it so that I knew the place of every little red bud by heart."

"But," I began nervously, "there are so many things that you—such people—have to do without."

"Ah!" cried Miss Margaret, with the gaiety of a child; "but we do enjoy—don't we, Elizabeth?—the things that we have. Last year a delicate friend from town came to stay with us for her summer holiday, and we were quite determined, Elizabeth and I, that we would take her out every day in old Johnson's donkey-cart. Of course, dear, we couldn't afford that, so we started 'going without'—little things that didn't matter, you know—before she came. We are strong, so we tried having meat only once a day. Bread and cheese for supper, if you've a reason for it, is really quite nice."

"And the dear thing did enjoy those drives," broke in Miss Elizabeth ecstatically. "Sometimes she would laugh aloud when she saw the sunset over fields of waving grass or new-cut hay. It made Margaret and me so happy to hear her: far more happy, because we'd done those little things beforehand and managed with cheese."

"Yes," agreed Miss Margaret earnestly;

"I should just hate to be rich. We might even get to care for money for its own sake. I've heard some people do."

Next day was sunshiny, and I think some of the brightness had made its way into Susie's curly head that afternoon, as she opened Miss Merryweather's front door.

"They've got a visitor," she whispered importantly; "but, of course, *you'll* go in."

I demurred.

"Oh, please, Miss," pleaded Susie, "if it's only to see them looking for all the world like their very own selves."

And I could not resist.

There was an air of mystery in the proceedings as Susie opened the door and announced me in a grand parlourmaid way. I expected to find the visitor a person of impoverished circumstances to whom my old ladies, with joy, were about to make over their obnoxious new income. Instead, it was quite a fashionable, stout, jovial, hale-looking old gentleman, unlike anyone I had seen in that house before, who occupied the largest arm-chair and partook of tea with evident relish. Miss Elizabeth and Miss Margaret sat near the window, watching him with expressions of indescribable delight. They really seemed as though they almost adored that old gentleman.

On my entry the sisters appeared rather alarmed; then Miss Margaret rose, gave my hand a little anxious squeeze, whispering hurriedly:

"My dear, you won't give us away?"

I smiled an assurance that I would not do anything not expected of me, inwardly hoping that there was some way of discovering what Miss Margaret's meaning might be, when suddenly I heard the elder sister presenting, "Our cousin, Mr. Fletcher," to my astonished self. I sat down and drank three cups of tea; they served to steady my head. Afterwards I made conversation of a rational, if commonplace type, as though I found nothing curious in partaking of a meal with a man who had died, I had believed, three days before, whom, in truth, I still half thought to be dead. Might not this merry old gentleman be taking the old ladies in? Suppose he were not the cousin at all?

But Henry Fletcher seemed inclined to stay, and, fearing it was impossible to get a word with either of my friends alone, I rose to go; when, to my relief, both old ladies, begging

their cousin to excuse them, followed me to the door.

Miss Elizabeth almost pushed me into the little back sitting-room.

"Well?" I cried eagerly. "Well?"

"Yes, indeed, and likely to live to a good old age," replied Miss Merryweather triumphantly, thinking I referred to her relative's health.

"But I thought he was dead?"

"You would never believe the turn it gave us—didn't it, Margaret?—when he was announced. Susie had his name off so pat. I thought I should have dropped, but instead—"

"Instead?"

"I collected my thoughts and gave him a chair, then tea, saying 'The telegram' to myself all the time. I hadn't actually seen it. My glasses weren't handy, and Margaret is my eyes. I knew she was too methodical to have thrown it away, and, though I didn't feel clear *why* I wanted to see it, I had those words, 'The telegram—the telegram,' just whirling in my brain."

"You knew there had been some mistake?" I suggested eagerly.

"I had a glimmering that way, but then again I remembered the second one, 'reply paid.' That was more bewildering, yet 'I must see the first telegram' was the outcome of my thoughts."

The old lady paused in her agitation.

"I was just about to whisper to Margaret when a wonderful thing occurred. She thought of it for herself. Before I could even look in her direction she was out of the room."

"When I returned," interrupted Miss Margaret, "having previously examined the telegram on the stairs, I so managed that I laid it unobserved on my sister's lap."

"She was most diplomatic—you would have said so, Ella. She occupied our cousin's attention with home-made cakes, standing between him and me the while."

"But the telegram?" I reminded her.

"Ah, to be sure. I read it slowly, joyfully. Dear, what a relief it was! Margaret"—she broke off in a shame-faced manner—"you tell the rest."

The younger sister put her hand gently on mine, in an appeal, as I understood it, that I would take the climax as seriously as she did.

"We've certainly made ourselves seem rather foolish," she admitted; "the word wasn't die, it was *dine*."



The Children's Pages.

Conducted by "MR. ANON."

IF any of you have not already heard about our Fund for giving a Radiography Apparatus to the Great Ormond Street Hospital, I should like to tell you that we are collecting for this purpose. The apparatus will be of the greatest help to the doctors in discovering what is the matter with the poor little children, and I am thankful for the gifts which have already reached me from children all over the world. Will you not send me something towards this Fund? I do not mind how small the gift is. It should be directed to The Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

MR. ANON.

The Mystery of the Money-Box.

By MARGARET BATCHELOR.

I.

THE BUYING OF THE MONEY-BOX.

"I FEEL rather disappointed in Julia," said little Kitty Marshall to her still smaller sister Eve, as she sat on the floor of the night nursery putting on her boots. "I 'maged it would be awf'ly nice having a big sister."

"I fink p'raps she'll turn out nicer bym-bye," said Eve.

"What are you two talking about? You had better get nurse to help you lace your boots. I shan't wait for you two babies, you needn't think!" said a tall girl of ten, coming into the room.

"Oh! Please, Julia, we will be quick. But the tag is off Eve's bootlace, and mine has gotten a knot. Nurse can't help, because she's busy. P'raps you'll help us."

"Not I! I am not your nursemaid. You must be stupid to get knots. I never do. If you two are not ready at the front door in five minutes I shall start without you." And Julia ran out of the room, leaving the little ones struggling with their refractory laces.

Julia had only just come to Wilmanshurst. She had never, until within the last few weeks, seen her two little sisters—Kitty, aged six years, and Eve, aged four, whom she thought very babyish in their words and ways. She had been born in India, and had been sent as a baby to England to be taken care of by her mother's Aunt Patty.

This morning the children's mother said that as it was a lovely day—a real spring day—they should walk into the pretty town

of Arundel, and buy her some stamps and postcards at the post office.

Kitty and Eve thought it a great treat, and felt very frightened at the idea of Julia starting without them.

"I hope she will wait for us; it will be awf'ly disappointing if she didn't," said Eve. "Oh! here comes dear old nurse," she exclaimed, as a bright, pleasant-faced woman came into the room. "Oh, please, nurse, help us with our things. Julia says she won't wait. Do you think she will start without us?" And two little serious faces looked up at nurse.

"Don't you worry, dears," said nurse in a consoling voice. "I will help you get dressed. Miss Julia will never start without you. It was only her fun, I expect." And nurse began to brush Kitty's hair briskly. "Now, Miss Kitty, stand still, or sure enough you never will be ready."

A few minutes later Mrs. Marshall and nurse stood at the door and watched the children as they started for their walk.

"I think perhaps they will make better friends if they are thrown more together," said Mrs. Marshall, turning to nurse. "Miss Julia is older than the little ones, and inclined to be cross with them."

"Yes, ma'am; I think Miss Julia is one of those young ladies that must be mistress in the nursery, and Miss Kitty and Miss Eve have to give way to her. Such dear little ladies as they are! I hope Miss Julia will not spoil their tempers with her sharp ways, ma'am," said nurse.

The little girls enjoyed their walk through the pretty Sussex lanes. Julia had the care of the money to buy the stamps, and felt very important as she bustled her sisters along.

"If you are good children," she said, talking in the way her Aunt Patty had talked to her, "you shall have a look at the shops when I have bought mother's stamps."

"And Kitty and I have nearly enough money to buy a dear little money-box in Emmett's shop window. It is really a little bank. You put in lots of sixpences and then it will open. But it will not open before," said Eve. "It is a lover-ly box."

"It is really a spull-endid box," chimed in Kitty. "I wish we could buy it."

"Well, so you may, my dears. I will make up the money," said Julia, in her most grown-up manner. "I shall collect the money in it for father's and mother's birthday presents."

"You *are* kind," said Kitty. "An' the box will belong to us all?"

"Of course it will, silly! But it will be a great secret. You must both promise to tell no one. If you do tell, I'll do something dreadful to you when you are in bed in the dark."

"Oh! secrets are lovely. We will never tell anyone," Kitty and Eve assured her in one breath.

So the money-box was bought and safely hidden away inside a wooden Easter egg in Julia's bedroom. All their pocket-money was changed into sixpenny-bits and duly placed in the box. So before many weeks had passed the large sum of two shillings and sixpence had been collected.

Julia was going to stay with her Aunt Patty at Easter. Before she left, she told the little ones that they should have charge of the money-box while she was away if they promised to take great care of it, and tell no one about it.

"And you had better not tell, either," she said, "or you'll be sorry for yourselves when I come back. I shall soon find out if you have said one word about our secret, and if you have I'll shut you up in the dark cupboard in the attic and never tell where you are. There you'll be with the rats, and no one will ever find you."

The children's faces whitened at her words. They promised over and over again that they would not breathe one word.

"Well, hide it away the moment I've gone. It must not be left in my room," said Julia.

Eve and Kitty meant to obey their sister's words directly she had driven off with their father, Colonel Marshall, to the station, and they had waved "Good-bye" from the nursery window; but just then nurse called them to collect their toys. At last the opportunity came, for nurse went down to the kitchen to

speak to cook, and the two little girls crept into Julia's room. The Easter egg was hung up on the wall, so Kitty had to climb on the chair by the bed before she could reach it. She unhooked it from its nail and together the little sisters unscrewed the top.

Eve gave a little gasp.

"Why, Kitty," she exclaimed, "there is no money-box here! Someone must have taken it!"

"Oh, Eve! Where can it be? What will Julia do to us?" Two little terrified faces looked at each other.

"I wish we had come to get it at once," said Eve. "Do you think a naughty fairy has taken it, and will put it back?"

"I dunno. If the fairies have taken it, I know Julia will not b'lieve it. Oh, what shall we do? And we mustn't tell anyone!"

Nurse felt very sorry when she noticed their troubled faces as she put the children to bed that night. She tried to find out why they were looking so solemn, but they dared not tell her.

II.

THE CHILDREN'S DISCOVERY.

"COME, young ladies, it is time to get up. It is a lovely day," said nurse, coming into the night nursery at Wilmanshurst. She drew back the little white curtains and opened the diamond-paned casement windows.

From where Kitty lay in bed she could look out of the window and see the graceful foliage of the arbutus and the fresh green of the beech trees against the cloudless blue of the sky. A robin was singing loudly on a spray of japonica near the window, while in the distant kitchen garden a blackbird whistled cheerily to his mate.

For a few moments Kitty lay wondering why she was feeling so sad and heavy-hearted on such a bright morning. Then she remembered her despair of yesterday when she had discovered the loss of the money-box and her dread of her elder sister's wrath.

"Oh, Eve! What shall we do?" she asked when nurse had left the room to turn on the bath water. "We must find the money-box before Julia comes home. I really think someone must have taken it."

"Well, that 'someone' is very naughty," said Eve in her quaint way.

When the nursery breakfast was over the children were allowed to go down to the dining-room to "help" father and mother eat their breakfasts. This morning they both looked

so serious as they came into the room, hand in hand, that Colonel Marshall said, laughingly :

"What is the matter, old women ? Has Madam Pussy eaten the canary on toast for her breakfast, or has Eve's doll turned a somersault into the fire ?"

"It's nothing to laugh at, daddy. It's all about an important secret," said Eve, who was very fond of long words. "You must not inquire."

"Do you and Kitty have secrets ? I think you might tell your grey-headed old father."

"We really can't, father," Kitty broke in anxiously. "And please it's my turn for the top of your egg this morning."

"Well, I think you might tell me," said Colonel Marshall, pretending to cry. His tears had to be kissed away by Eve, and, the post arriving at that minute, the secret was forgotten for the time.

"A letter from Aunt Patty !" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall. "How tiresome ! She writes that Julia has spilt ink all over her best dress, and so will have nothing to wear on Easter Day." And Mrs. Marshall bustled off at once to consult nurse.

"Miss Honeysett at the Lodge is finishing a dress for Miss Julia, ma'am. I think she could let us have it in time to send away by the post if she knew at once," said nurse.

"A very good plan, nurse. We will send the little girls with a note to Prudence. They will like a run. I don't think they seem quite themselves this morning."

"No ; they have been as solemn as two judges," said nurse. "I do hope it's not the measles." And nurse sighed deeply, as visions arose before her of all the illnesses the children might get.

Prudence Honeysett was a dressmaker ; she lived with her mother, Mrs. Honeysett, at the Lodge gates. Kitty and Eve were very fond of going to the Lodge. They loved Mrs. Honeysett, who was a dear old woman. She looked so pretty with her silver white hair, and blue sun-bonnet, as she came to the door in answer to the children's gentle tap.

"Prudence is upstairs, Miss Kitty. If you'll kindly step in, I will take your mother's note to her and see if there is an answer," she said, showing the children into a spotlessly clean room.

"Please sit down, my dears. Pussy and her new family are in the basket by the fire ; you will like to see them, I am sure."

For a few minutes the children were happy admiring Mrs. Pussy's kittens. Then Eve's bright eyes glanced round the room.

"Oh, Kitty !" she said in a whisper. "Do

look on the mantelpiece. Quick ! Before Mrs. Honeysett comes back."

Kitty's eyes went round with horror, for there, where her sister pointed with a little fat finger, was a money-box exactly like the one they had lost.

"Prudence was sewing in Julia's room yesterday," said Kitty. "Do you think she took it, Eve ?"

"She must have. How awful ! And I did like Prudence. I never thought she would steal," said Eve. "It is dreadful of her."

"Well, we had better take it now. I will climb up and get it down and put it in my pocket. We won't say anything. It will make her mother feel very shocked. Prudence will know *we know*, when she sees it is gone."

Kitty had got the money-box in her hand, and managed to hide it in her pocket as Mrs. Honeysett entered the room.

"I am sorry to keep you waiting, dears. Tell mother that Prudence will finish Miss Julia's dress and bring it up this afternoon."

Eve and Kitty hardly waited to take the message before they were out of the cottage. Mrs. Honeysett felt very surprised as she saw their black-stockinged legs carry the Misses Marshall away so quickly.

"What's their hurry, I wonder ? They generally like to stop and see my pigeons and have a home-made biscuit. They seem a bit flustered like, too," thought the old woman.

Later in the day, when Kitty and Eve were looking out of the nursery window, waiting while nurse put on her things to take them for a walk, they saw Mrs. Honeysett come up a side path and disappear round the house to the back door.

"P'raps she has come to get the buttons for Julia's dress," said Kitty.

"Or p'raps Prudence has confessed, and Mrs. Honeysett has come for her to say how sorry she is she took our money-box," said Eve.

The bell on the landing outside the nursery door ringing made the children start.

"You are to go down to your mother at once," said nurse, coming into the room.

They found Mrs. Marshall in the dining-room talking to Mrs. Honeysett in a very serious way.

"My dears," she said, turning to the little ones, "I have a question to ask you. Have you by mistake taken a small money-box off Mrs. Honeysett's mantelpiece ?"

"We haven't taken *Mrs. Honeysett's* money-box," said the children with flashing eyes.

"There, Mrs. Honeysett, I told you so. The box must have been mislaid, and you'll find it soon, I hope."

"I thought the young ladies might have taken it for a joke, ma'am," said the old woman. "But Prudence must have put it away and forgotten. It was a present from my little grandson Bobbie last Christmas; he thought grannie might like to save her pennies. Bless his heart!" And Mrs. Honeysett dropped a curtsy and trotted down the drive. But she looked very troubled as she went into her pretty little cottage.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]



SUNDAY TALKS.

Incense.

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY.

INCENSE is smoke made by the burning of sweet spices and fragrant gums. From early times and by various peoples it has been associated with acts of worship.

In China to-day, probably more incense is consumed than elsewhere. The Chinese do not restrict the use of it to sacred occasions. John Chinaman often lights his pipe with a stick of incense, and has no sense of irreverence in doing so. But by the devout people, in every land where incense is used, the burning is intended as a religious offering.

All boys and girls throughout China are familiar with the incense-pan; there is one in every home. In the houses of the poor, it may be only a roughly moulded lump of dry clay. In the palaces of the rich, it is a costly metal urn. In the temples of the heathen gods, where rich and poor assemble on festival days to offer prayers and thanksgivings, the altar of incense is a hallowed shrine. Graven images and pious ancestors are chiefly the objects to which incense is burned. Sometimes it is offered to a living tree, or to empty space.

This is mistaken worship, "a vain oblation." "We know that no idol is anything in the world, and that there is no God but one." God is a Spirit; and the true worshipper must worship Him in spirit.

Why, then, should there be any mention of incense in the Bible? The reason is plain. All through "the dark ages," grown-up people were so foolish and ignorant that they had to be taught religion very much as the infant classes in our day schools are taught their lessons, by pictures and models.

The teacher of a kindergarten takes pains

to make things simple and easy. So did God in giving to the ancient Jews instruction regarding Himself and His service. By types and figures, signs and symbols, He made known unto them His will, "line upon line." And when, in "the times of ignorance," He told them to burn incense, it was just an object lesson from which they were to learn what *prayer* is. David knew this, for in one of his psalms, while calling upon the Lord, he says, "Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense." (Psalm cxli. 2.)

Incense is really a beautiful image of prayer. Like the smoke curling its way upward towards heaven, the thoughts, desires, petitions of our soul, breathed out in prayer, ascend to God.

Words of prayer may be worthless. "Saying prayers" is sometimes only a task, like saying lessons. I well remember how, on an important occasion, the famous Bishop of Cork, John Gregg, reminded his clergy that it was not enough to "read prayers"; he charged them to "pray the prayers." If we are wise, you and I will act on his good advice.

"I often say my prayers,
But do I ever *pray*?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?"

Some prayers are very formal and empty, like the idle chatter of a caged parrot, "poor little wingless things that cannot rise into the Celestial Audience Chamber." They never reach the ear of God. They do not mount above the ceiling of the room where they are spoken.

True prayer is not a mouthful of words said or sung. There is in it more soul than speech. We mean what we say; feel our need of what we ask for; and ask for it with all our heart.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

In the Jewish temple there was an altar on which fire was always burning. Levites supplied the fuel, in the form of offerings and sacrifices. God kindled the fire and kept it alive. Sometimes there were no offerings, but the fire never went out.

Our heart is a temple wherein the pure fire of God's Spirit should constantly glow. Until the incense was touched with a live coal and made hot, there was no ascending wreath of smoke, no perceptible fragrance. And the saying of a grand old Christian, uttered a century

ago, is true to-day as then : " We can babble of ourselves, but we cannot *pray* without the Holy Spirit." We may put excellent words into a form of prayer ; but there is no prayer unless the Holy Spirit kindle the form.

Cold prayers freeze on our lips and soon seal them in silence. When boys and girls are careless their prayers grow cold, and if there be any " hidden fire " in their hearts it turns to ashes.

In one of our great public schools, when a new boy kneeled by his bed, he was jeered at by some of his companions. A friend in the same dormitory kindly whispered the suggestion, " Why not say your prayers in bed ? " The reply was, " Do you say yours there ? " After a moment's hesitation there came the shame-faced avowal, " I did once." " Yes," was the new boy's answer, " but I don't wish it to be ' did once ' with me." We must be in earnest, and rely on the Holy Spirit's help or we cannot " pray without ceasing," or pray at all. If, like fragrant smoke, our prayers are constantly to ascend towards heaven, they must come from a warm heart.

One commandment concerning incense offered in the Jewish temple is very noticeable : " Thou shalt beat some of it very small " (Exodus xxx. 36). Only when pounded with a pestle, ground into powder fine as flour, and sprinkled upon hot coals, did the incense yield its " sweet savour."

And our prayers are always best when we grind down all the big words and large phrases, and come in simplicity and sincerity to the Lord, telling Him every little want and wish, every little joy and grief, just as we should tell father and mother ; not omitting to confess little sins and to give thanks for little blessings. Most pleasing and acceptable was the publican's short, simple petition, " God be merciful to me a sinner ! " Nor less so was the prayer of that baby boy, who, bringing his every-day little trouble to the Great Father's throne, frankly asked, " Lord, help me to laugh and not to cry when nurse washes my face."

Near to the altar of incense was the altar of sacrifice, where morning and evening a lamb was offered up for the sins of the people. Once a year, the blood of the slain lamb was sprinkled

on the horns of the altar of incense. So our prayers must be presented in view of the Great Sacrifice, the Lamb of God ; and this is what we mean in using the words, " for Jesus Christ's sake." Only in and through Him may we hope to be heard and helped, pardoned and saved.

Then don't neglect prayer. Don't think you can get along well enough without it. When Robert Louis Stevenson was yet a little child, he said one day to his mother, " Mother, you can never be good unless you pray." " How do you know that ? " asked his mother. With great emphasis, he answered, " Because I have tried it."

You may try it, too. You will find it a hopeless task.



BURIED SCRIPTURE NAMES.

LAST month we gave a number of sentences in which Biblical names of men, women, and places were buried, and we asked our young readers after finding the names to search the Scriptures diligently and see where they lay hidden. We hope that they have been successful in their efforts, but in case any of the names have not yet been found we give the full list of answers :—

MEN.

- | | |
|-----------|------------------|
| 1. Adam. | 7. Demas. |
| 2. Obed. | 8. Mark. |
| 3. Edom. | 9. Malachi. |
| 4. Herod. | 10. Elias. |
| 5. Haman. | 11. Aristarchus. |
| 6. Nun. | 12. Clement. |

WOMEN.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. Rachel. | 7. Hagar. |
| 2. Dorcas. | 8. Rahab. |
| 3. Esther. | 9. Leah. |
| 4. Lois. | 10. Anna. |
| 5. Sarai. | 11. Eve. |
| 6. Martha. | 12. Bernice. |

PLACES.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. Bethel. | 7. Endor. |
| 2. Elim. | 8. Lystra. |
| 3. Patmos. | 9. Ramoth. |
| 4. Gilead. | 10. Tyre. |
| 5. Ephesus. | 11. Tabor. |
| 6. Eshcol. | 12. Samos. |



Sunday School Pages.

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

APRIL 5th. JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John x. 1-18.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The marks of the true Shepherd. (2) The Saviour's confession—"I am the Good Shepherd." (3) The willing Sacrifice.

SELFISHNESS can never be a characteristic of the good shepherd. The very office calls for forgetfulness of self in the interest of others. The shepherd must always think more of his flock than he does of himself; if he does not, he fails to reach the standard of his calling. From a schoolhouse in the far north hurried a faithful teacher and a little band of children, as clouds were lowering and icy breezes blowing. Though they made all possible haste, they were soon in the embrace of a blizzard. As the storm raged fiercer, they saw that they must press forward or all would be buried in the snow which now blinded them. So the teacher collected all the book straps, bits of rope, and even hat bands in the little company, and tied the children one to another, a weaker one being always placed between two strong ones. Then, taking the hand of the foremost, the brave teacher led the way, and each struggled on, battling not only for his own life, but for the lives of all the rest. When one fell, those nearest lifted him to his feet; and after a hard struggle they came to shelter and safety, not one lost. This is the way that Christians ought to live, each one helping the other.

A Free-will Choice.

The sacrifice of Jesus Christ was a voluntary one. No one took His life from Him; He laid it down of His own free will. It was the Good Shepherd giving his life for the sheep. At one time during Pizarro's attempts to conquer Peru, Prescott tells us, they suffered so many misfortunes that the soldiers wished to abandon the expedition. "Pizarro, drawing his sword, traced a line on the sand from east to west. Turning toward the south, he said: 'Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a true Castilian. For my part, I go to the south.' He was followed by the brave pilot; one after another others crossed the line. This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. There are moments in the lives of men which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny."

APRIL 12th. THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John xi. 1-57.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Martha's faith. (2) The pitying Saviour. (3) The dead raised. (4) The angry and spiteful Pharisees.

JESUS CHRIST is the mighty Saviour. He only is able to save. He raised Lazarus, after he had been laid in the tomb, and He still saves men and women from something worse than physical death. Human efforts are often futile, but the power of Jesus Christ never fails. Gipsy Smith tells of the days when his father was a young man. A band of gipsies, fifty or more, had been picking a garden of hops on a farm near Tonbridge. After finishing one garden, they were crossing to another on the other side of the Medway. They mounted the waggon—men, women, and children—and away the horses started. As they turned a bend in the lane they saw the old rotten wooden bridge over which they hoped to pass safely. The river was in flood and flowing over the roadway, and when the women saw it they were frightened, and some of them screamed. Startled by the screams, the horses ran away, crashing into the sides of the old structure, and instantly all the occupants of the waggon were thrown into the flowing river current. A brave young gipsy seized one of the horses drifting down, and watched for one who was dearer to him than anyone in the world—his mother. Presently he saw her, and after many struggles he reached her; but she seized him in such a way that he could not manage to save her, and at last she sank. When the day of the funeral came there were over thirty gipsies buried, and people gathered from all the countryside to show their sympathy with those poor people. Forgetting the crowd and the clergyman, the poor lad crept down into the trench which contained the coffins, and kneeling beside his mother's, he cried: "Mother, mother, I tried to save you; I did all a man could do to save you, but you would not let me."

The Resurrection.

The raising of Lazarus by Jesus Christ was an indication of His power over death and the grave, and as He raised Lazarus so will He bring back to life all the sons of Adam. Our unbelief will not alter the fact. It is said that an infidel German princess, on her death-bed, gave orders that her grave be covered with a great marble slab, and that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together with clasps of iron; and that on the stone should be cut these words:

"This burial place must never be opened." But it happened that an acorn was buried with the princess. It sprouted. Its tiny shoot, soft and pliable at the first, found its way through the slab. Finally, it turned the whole mass of stone and opened the grave. Because Christ has risen, there is planted in the grave of every disciple of His a seed of resurrection life, which will one day open the grave and allow the body to come forth to life immortal.

APRIL 19th. THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

Luke xxiv. 1-12.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The morning surprise. (2) The assurance of the heavenly messengers. (3) The doubting disciples. (4) The impulsive, practical Peter.

THERE are many people who imagine that sincerity, even in a wrong direction, is all that is required of them. But sincerity is not enough. The disciples were perfectly sincere in their doubt. They did not believe that Jesus had risen; they thought the women were the victims of some hallucination. Some years ago a woman on the Northern Pacific Railroad train was seen walking up and down the aisle of the car with a baby in her arms. She made it known that she expected to leave the train at a certain station. The conductor announced one of the stations, and then said that the next stop would be the station where she desired to leave the train. Suddenly, as the snowstorm was increasing in all its fury, the train stopped, and one of the passengers, assuring the woman that this was her station, kindly helped her to alight, and then the train started on. Five miles further on, the name of the station which was her destination was called out. With a white face the man who had assisted her from the train cried out: "What have I done?" for the stop of the train was an unexpected one, and no station was near at hand. When they made their way back again, the woman had been overcome by the cold, and mother and child had perished.

Be Practical.

It is natural to doubt, but it is sinful to sit down in doubt without taking the trouble to find a way into certainty. When Peter heard that the Lord's tomb was empty, he was not content to say "I don't believe it." At once he set out to see for himself. That is always the mark of the honest seeker after truth. It is the practical people who do the most good, to themselves as well as to others. An eminent theologian has said, "When you have been aroused by a sermon or song, do something, if it is only to give a cup of cold water to a child or a chair to your grandmother." A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon in which the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. She listened with

close attention. The next day, when the minister called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of the sermon. The woman complained much of her bad memory, and said that she had forgotten almost all he had said. "I remembered only one thing," she added; "I remembered to burn my bushel." She was practical, and did something.

APRIL 26th. JESUS TEACHES HUMILITY.

John xiii. 1-20.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The lowly Saviour. (2) The lesson of the humble act.

HUMILITY is always a sign of greatness. It was a lesson that Christ sought to enforce on more than one occasion. Early in his reign, the present Czar of All the Russias was taking a morning spin on his bicycle, wearing the undress uniform of a colonel in one of his cavalry regiments. Before he had ridden far, he passed a very pompous old general from the extreme southern part of his empire, but, not knowing him, the wheelman passed without sign or word. The next minute he heard: "I say, colonel, stop!" A little wondering and a little amused, the Czar at once dismounted, and waited till the other overtook him. "Why does not my inferior salute the officers above him?" demanded the general abruptly. The Czar, standing at attention, his fingers at the edges of his cap, replied: "I apologise, general, I have been so short a time on the throne that I have not yet been able to meet all the men who support me so ably."

A Kindly Act.

In the act of washing His disciples' feet, Christ taught for all time the great lesson of kindness as well as of humility. One of the treasures of a little home in Scotland is a withered rose. It holds the place of honour in the best room, and when the white-haired mother looks at it, she is reminded not only of the son who died far away among strangers, but with grateful love she remembers always Henry Drummond, who sent her that precious rose. Her boy went to Mentone, hoping there to find the health and strength that would not come to him at home. The mother could not afford to go with him, and, when the end came, she sat alone in her little cottage among the Scottish hills, thinking of her boy, laid by stranger hands in the lonely grave in that far-off place. That she could not even stand beside his grave made her loss seem doubly hard. Henry Drummond did not know the boy, but he heard of his death, and his quick sympathy went out to the lonely mother in Scotland. When he went to Mentone, he did not forget her. He sought out the lad's grave, and, picking a rose blooming there, he sent it to the mother.

The League of Loving Hearts.

WE are making steady and sure progress with the membership of the League of Loving Hearts, but I am quite certain that there must be many hundreds of our readers who have meant to join the League, but have forgotten to send in their application. Will you not do so to-day? You will find the coupon among the advertisement pages at the end of this magazine, and all that is necessary is to fill that up and send it, with a shilling, to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Some of our friends, when they are joining the League, send us more than a shilling, and we are, of course, specially grateful to them. The money is divided between the ten societies whose names are printed below, and I am quite sure that this method of helping ten societies is so simple and useful that many people will be glad to join the League.

Later on I hope to set the members to work out a big scheme which I have now under consideration.

SOCIETIES WHICH MEMBERS WILL HELP:

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
 RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
 CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
 SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
 MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
 NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
 LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
 ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
 CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
 Savoy Street, W.C.
 BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside E.C.

"I AM THE WAY."

By MARK MERYDYTH.

<p>"PILGRIM on Life's dreary way, Hot and dusty is the road, Pause and rest awhile to-day, Ease thy shoulder from the load. Thou art weary with the strife, Battling with the strenuous life.</p>	<p>"Pilgrim, thou art sad and grave, Footsore, bleeding, weak with pain, But thy steadfast face is brave. Tell me, will you try again?" "Yes," he made the swift reply, "Helped and strengthened from on high."</p>
--	---

"One there is, with patient face,
 Torn and bleeding, wracked with grief,
 He will aid me by His grace,
 He will give me sure relief,
 Gently lead me by the hand,
 Till I reach the Borderland."

A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION.



THE DIAGNOSIS.

DOCTOR: "Out of condition—all you require is
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'
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50 OUTSIDE WRAPPERS

from blocks, or band labels from tins, from above, sent to 12, Soho Square, London, W., will entitle you to a copy of this beautiful picture in colours, by Maurice Randell. New presentation plate, entitled "Her Thoughts," ready September, 1908. These pictures are free from any advertisement, and are sent post free to any address.

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Q.—April, 1908.

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 & 1/-

BEETLES

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THE NAVE, ELY CATHEDRAL.

Photo: Grapholint Co., English.

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Menu

Soups.

Fish.

Entrées.

Joints.

SWEETS.

**Bird's
Custard**
with **Rhubarb**

A Spring-time Luxury.

"THE BEST DISH NOW
IN SEASON."



WHY DON'T YOU MOTOR?

LAST month I gave a good deal of space to the small "chauffeurless" car, and ended my remarks with the promise that I would touch on the same subject again when opportunity offered. The benefits that such cars bring to medical men, clergymen, and election candidates formed the base for my remarks. But on giving the matter a little more thought I am struck by the ignorance or apathy displayed by those who, having all the delights of motoring within easy reach, disregard them entirely. Every day I meet people of moderate means who groan and sigh over their privations, and exclaim in self-pity that "we love motoring, but of course we cannot afford to have a car." Sometimes I am patient enough to open their eyes to the true facts, but mostly I advise them to go and have a heart-to-heart talk with Messrs. Blank, who manufacture a light, chauffeurless car.

The bogey of expense is the principal drawback to motoring. The people to whom I am referring have heard from their friends of continuous and heavy bills. No matter whether the car spoken of is a heavy one or is used for very heavy work, no thought is given as to whether the owner is careless, or whether his descriptions are merely jocular imaginings — the listener hears that motoring is a source of worry and great expense. That is all there is to it:

motoring is not to be thought of, it is far too expensive! Now let me quote from a few testimonials received by manufacturers of light-powered cars from doctors who use them.

"This little car," says one correspondent, "has now been on the road for four years, and during that time it has never failed me once. My repair bill is under £10 for all that period. The car went for thirty-nine months before ever I had to touch a nut or wire or renew a piston ring, and on many journeys, totalling nearly 50,000 miles, it has never once broken down on the road."

"I gave up horses two and a half years ago," writes a second correspondent, "and bought a 6-h.p. De Dion, and have done all

my work with it during this period. It has far exceeded my expectations as to reliability and economy. It has been much more reliable than horse-flesh, and during these two and a half years it has cost me about £100 a year less than my stable used to do. I overhauled the car the other day, and with some minor renewals it is now as good as new. The deliverance from the trials of horse-flesh I consider one of the greatest blessings of my life."

"I am very pleased to inform you," says a third correspondent, "that my 8-h.p. car gives not the slightest trouble. I have used one of your cars for two years



28-35 H.P. MAJA LANDAUETTE, CLOSED.

Fat Folks Amazed.

ON adopting the famous Antipon treatment for the permanent cure of obesity, an over-stout person is amazed at the delightful feeling of buoyancy and physical comfort which is experienced within a very short time, and the rapidity of the reduction in all but the most obstinate and long-neglected cases is an equally pleasant surprise. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a decrease varying from 8oz. to 3lb., according to the individual case, and the subsequent daily reduction of weight is in every respect satisfactory and sure. As soon as symmetrical proportions and standard weight for height are recovered, the doses may be discontinued, the reason being that *Antipon*, during the process of fat reduction, has effectually overcome the tendency to develop superfluous fatty deposits, whether internal or subcutaneous. The subject may, therefore, eat plenty of wholesome food without fear. Indeed, *Antipon* enforces this, because it is an exceptionally good tonic, which promotes a keen appetite and sound digestive powers. Thus, the whole organism is re-strengthened and re-vitalised while the body is being restored to normal proportions and proper weight. The

re-beautifying and re-vitalising powers of *Antipon* have been gratefully acknowledged in hundreds of voluntary testimonials. Besides this, the Press of the United Kingdom has given to the world many glowing accounts of the extraordinary benefits derived from this wonderful treatment. Such influential organs as "The Illustrated London News," "The Graphic," "The Gentlewoman," "Black and White," "The World and His Wife," "The Tatler," "The Lady's Pictorial," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," "The Sketch," "The Methodist Recorder," "The Penny Illustrated Paper," "Weldon's Ladies' Journal," "Lady's Realm," "Christian Age," "Belfast News-Letter," "Sheffield Daily Independent," are amongst the leading papers and magazines which have cordially recommended *Antipon* to their stout readers, and have contributed to the brilliant success of this truly efficacious treatment. *Antipon* is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, &c., or, in case of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid and privately packed, direct from the *Antipon* Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Growing Boys

When boys begin to get big, rapid growth requires really nutritious food—to make bone and muscle and good solid flesh.

The basis must be bread, and modern milling and bread making science says TUROG Bread. It is a wholesome, digestible, flesh-forming diet—a brown bread with all the richness of finest wheat. It tastes good. It is real food, and all food.

TUROG Bread is fresh five days from baking; never loses its delicious flavour; does not crumble; makes most excellent toast. Try it to-day. Of bakers everywhere.

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Millers of TUROG Flour.

Turog Bread





28-35-H.P. MAJA LANDAULETTE, OPEN.

now, and find the cost of motoring only about half what horses previously cost me in my practice."

"Will you kindly send me four new shackles?" writes a fourth. "The above is the only replacement required. The car has been in my possession for about three and a half years, and has carried me between forty and fifty thousand miles. The engine is as good as the day it was made."

These are merely four testimonials chosen at random from hundreds of similar letters, but they serve to show that these low power chauffeurless cars—cars capable of doing their twenty-five and thirty miles an hour and ready for steady work in all weathers—whilst embodying all the points of comfort and reliability, are without the slightest doubt an inexpensive pleasure and an economical mode of transport. And just so long as these handy, hardy cars are neglected, so long will their manufacture be kept back.

I remember noticing the number of light-powered cars shown at last year's Paris Salon. There were certainly a good two dozen, probably more, and they received a remarkable amount of attention. We English treat the small car with contempt, and the result is that the number on the market is comparatively small. For the benefit of those who may have the purchase of such a car in mind I enumerate them.

The six principal British-built cars are

the Rover, Star, Humber, Swift, Riley, and Adams; two Americans, the Cadillac and the Ford; and two cars from France, the Sizaire and the famous De Dion. There are others, of course, but these ten cover the ground fairly thoroughly.

The first photograph I give of the Star car shows a 12-h.p. 4-cylinder car fitted with a special detachable back portion, side-entrance body, and a special type of Cape cart hood. The front portion of the hood removes to the back of the body, the same as the usual double-extension hood, and folds down to the back part of the body in the ordinary way. The main features of the hood are that, though a double-extension hood, it can be used as a single hood for a two-seated car, can be used to close the back portion of the car entirely by the partition behind the front seat, or can be left open.

The other Star car photograph is of a 30-h.p. 6-cylinder car with Mr. Lisle (of Star car fame) taking his initial run after two years' suspension of his license. Mr. Lisle, while driving a Star car in the opening run of the Wolverhampton Automobile Club on April 1st, 1905, had the misfortune to run into a horse and trap, which was wrecked. The occupants of the trap were awarded £500 damages, and Mr. Lisle's license was suspended for two years.

Mention of the Cadillac car a little way back brings to mind the great test the makers intend putting on it under the supervision

"The Cost of Running a Motor Car"

A new and important Handbook, just published, giving detailed Costs of Running Cars from 2-Cylinders to a 6-Cylinder. Post Free.

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of well-known motor officials. A number of these cars will be chosen at the firm's showrooms without any discrimination (excepting, of course, that the cars will all be of similar power, etc.). They will be run down to the Brooklands track, dismembered there, and the parts "well mixed." The cars will then be assembled again from the common heap and given a thorough trial round the track. It is a "nervy" test—one well worthy of the progressive American spirit, and one that appeals to the sporting instincts of our own people.

The new taxation of motor-cars over which Mr. Asquith is now busy is a source of great interest to every car owner. I do not think that any motorist will object to paying the tax so long as the money so raised is used for the roads. A deputation from the Motor Union, with Mr. Joynson-Hicks as spokesman, waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer and talked the matter over. The deputation setting forth the view that taxation would meet with no opposition if the proceeds were used to benefit the roads. Some dissatisfaction has since been expressed as to Mr. Asquith's reception of the deputation, but I feel sure that eventually the money will go to the purpose suggested.

A question almost as important as the actual taxation is, How will this money be distributed? The local authorities at the present time receive all monies coming from the registration of cars in their own county, but to tax cars on a similar principle and apply the money to road upkeep would be utterly unjust. For, where one county may have but a dozen or two cars on its registration lists, its roads may be overrun with motorists from all over England. Thus the actual cash received from the taxation of the county's cars would not go far towards paying for the deterioration caused by motor traffic.

In any case, a central body must be formed, a body that will practically mean the amalgamation of all local road authorities—a "Central Highways Committee," it has been called. Its duties will be to control the expenditure of monies devoted to keeping our roads in repair and to see that the distribution is on a fair and equitable basis. This is the only efficient manner of dealing with the subject, and efficiency means economy.

The Royal Commission on Local Taxation (appointed some years back) recommended

that the Government should, by granting an annual sum of one million pounds, maintain the main roads. Apparently no notice was taken of the idea, and it would not be out of place to remark here that whereas in the past our roads have been superior to all others in Europe, France to-day is far ahead of us; and in France the taxation of motor-cars goes towards the upkeep of the roads.

I have stood at busy street corners, and watched with amazement and admiration the scurrying, bustling taxicabs. I have watched them skid perilously round the corners; I have seen them swing almost on one wheel with even greater danger. I shuddered as they scraped the paint off unoffending vehicles and touched the helmets of the constables on point duty.

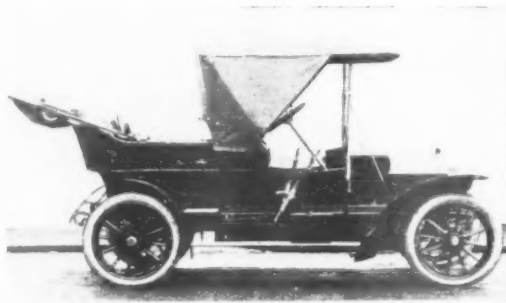
Taxicabs are public vehicles, and it is time the public raised its voice against the

every day. But there should be some check placed on this dangerously reckless driving—either special police told off to give a few salutary lessons, or the appointment of inspectors by the cab companies, whose duty it would

be to protect our lives by reporting careless or reckless driving.

The "Maja" car (pronounced Mya) is a new car on the verge of fame and prosperity, for it is none other than the Austrian Mercedes. Herr Jellinck, after splendid work achieved at the Caustall factory, has no

longer any interest in the cars made there. He is now energetically engaged in the production of the Maja car at Wiener-Neustadt, and, if all accounts be true, this car deserves every confidence. Like the Mercedes, the Maja is named after one of Herr Jellinck's daughters, and, considering the success of the first-mentioned, I think the new car has been happily christened.



12-H.P. 4-CYLINDER STAR CAR, FITTED WITH SPECIAL DETACHABLE BACK PORTION.

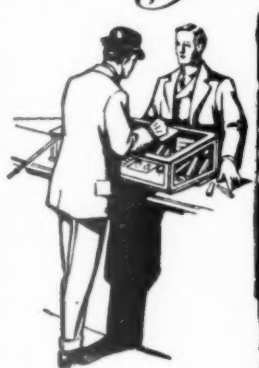


MR. JOSEPH LISLE ON HIS 30-H.P. 6-CYLINDER STAR CAR.

dangerous manner in which they are being driven. I cannot altogether blame the chauffeurs, who in running at twenty (or more) miles an hour are only endeavouring to gain a more comfortable livelihood. Neither can I wholly blame the police, who have their hands full and overflowing all day and

The Maja is at present only available in a 28 35-h.p. chassis, but in the near future a 35 40-h.p. model will be placed on the market. The illustrations are of the 28-35-h.p. cars, with landaulette bodies, one being open and the other closed. The chassis is a most attractive machine, embodying, as it

I'm here, there and everywhere



I don't know off-hand how many tens of thousands of places I am to be found in to-day—if I had known this morning the number would be wrong now, because I don't know how many hundred people have purchased me this morning.

I am the perfect fountain pen. I am always considerate to my owner, never soiling and spoiling the clothes he likes to keep clean. I behave perfectly, never spluttering or scratching.

My merits are many—and have during the last twelve months made me a firm friend of tens of thousands of careful men and women. I am made in England by British labour.

- I fill myself in a flash without a filler
- I clean myself in filling
- I never leak or cause mess of any kind
- I do not leak.

Wherever I am now—there is one more place I want to occupy before to-day's sun sets. I want to be a friend to you for life—to help you to write anywhere, anytime, with freedom from fatigue. **10/6** is the magnet that draws me to your side (a bigger magnet draws a bigger pen). I am at home to-day at any Stationers, but want to-night to be at home with you.

“Onoto the Pen”

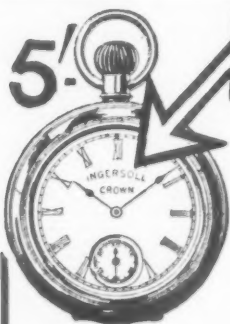
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does, a number of improvements in various details. The tappets are now over the valves instead of at the sides, so that two fewer holes are made in the cylinders, and the tappet rods are done away with altogether. Both the tappets can be removed by undoing one nut, instead of six as formerly. The car is very light on tyres, the drive being very even, both on account of an improved clutch and the efficiency of the tappets.

In addition, it may be mentioned that the sliding rods to the gear-box are covered with brass sleeves, and the countershaft is set back, giving very short chains and now having two foot-brakes. Then the camshafts can be lifted away without disturbing

the crank-chamber at all or taking off the radiator, as used to be the case; and the ignition on the dashboard has four interruptors, so that the driver may test each cylinder without dismounting.

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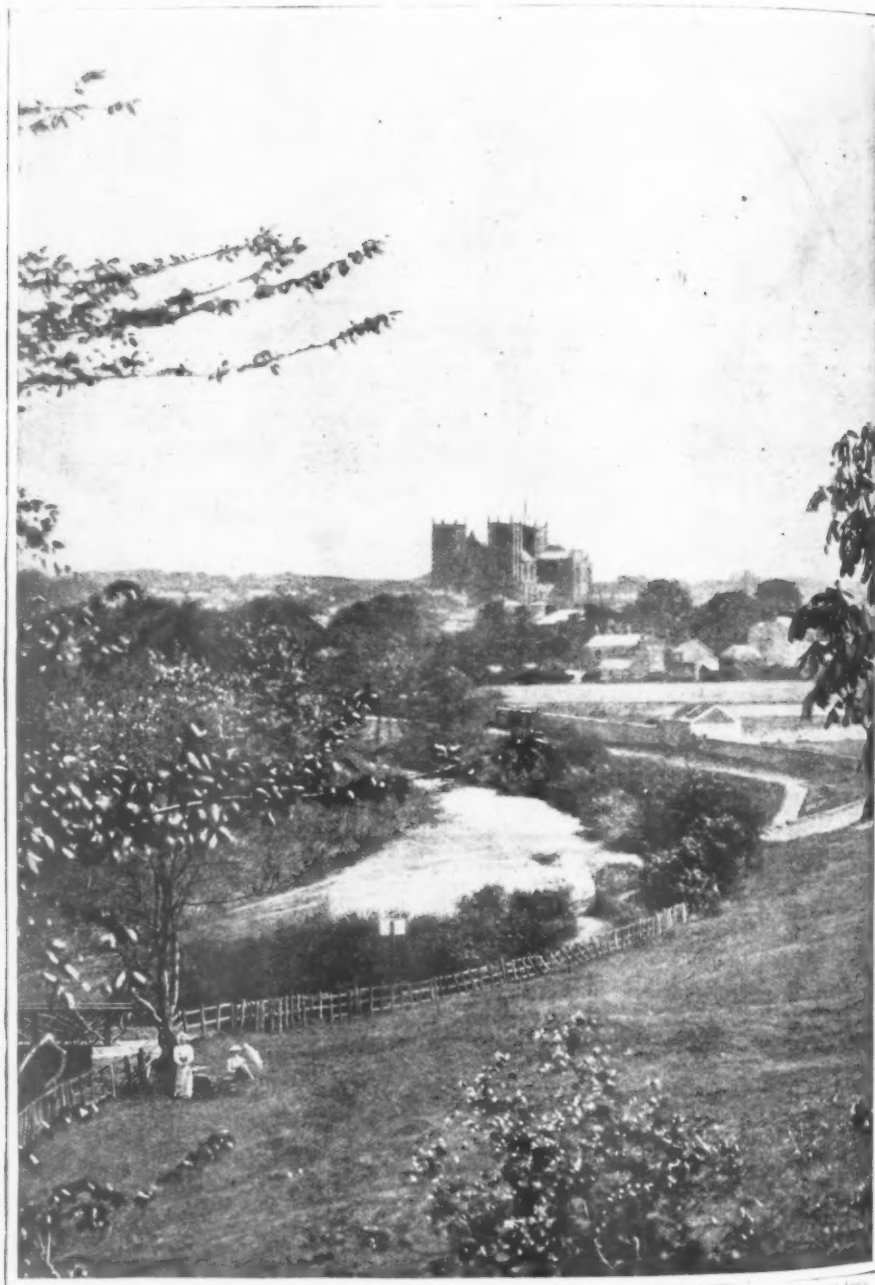
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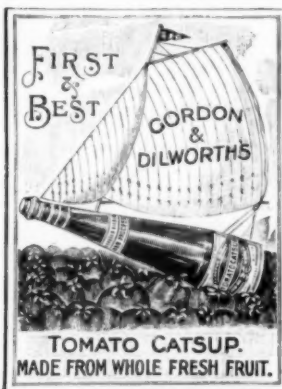
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For "*The Quiver*" *Watts' Fund*: L. R. (Newcastle), 5s.; A. B. (Ipswich), 4s. Total: 9s.

Miss Quarrier acknowledges with heartfelt thanks receipt of £1 from "Jeanie" on behalf of the *Orphan Homes of Scotland*, also two sets of pearl buttons from an unknown donor.

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